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JOHN BULL

Vol. XXXII. No. 850. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1922. TWOPENCE.

Edited by CHARLES PILLEY

DRINK AND ENJOY LIPTON'S TEA

1,320 INSURANCE CLAIMS PAID

SIX SECRET RULERS

64

A.G.GARDINER

By Appointment *to H.M. the King*

Richest in Cream — Utmost in Value

So many millions of people are in the habit of using Nestlé's Milk that it seems unnecessary to speak of its unequalled merits. But it should be realised in EVERY home that the RICH CREAMY THICKNESS of Nestlé's Milk makes it the best and cheapest milk to use for every purpose. For the mother who buys it and the children who thrive on it, Nestlé's Milk is best in every way.

Get NESTLÉ'S MILK Always

If unsweetened milk is preferred, demand "IDEAL" (The Everyday Milk) *Packed by Nestlé's* 4½d. and 8d.

IT SERVES YOU RIGHT. ALL WAYS!

Cash Prices 6d. and 11½d. per tin.

Nestlé's *Swiss* Milk is now sold in collapsible Aluminium tubes at 7½d. per tube. If you cannot obtain these tubes locally, send 7/6 with name and address of your usual Grocer and we will send you 1 dozen direct, and post free.

NESTLÉ'S, 6-8, EASTCHEAP, LONDON, E.C.3.

Cover Your Home for 2d.

HOME! Your House, your furniture, your intimate and irreplaceable belongings—are you going to risk irreparable loss by delaying to register under "JOHN BULL'S" Great Free Home Insurance? "JOHN BULL" offers you the finest Free Home Insurance in the World—better than any offered by a daily paper. Remember "JOHN BULL" costs you only twopence per week, while your daily newspaper costs you sixpence. In addition, "JOHN BULL" entitles you to exclusive benefits which no daily paper can offer. Don't delay. Register on the forms below ***now***.

What JOHN BULL Pays

Household Benefits.

£300—damage by fire.
£600—death of husband and wife due to fire.
£300—in case of death of one under similar circumstances.
£250 or **£125**—in respect of each for loss of one limb or eye under similar circumstances.
£100—damage by explosion of gas or domestic boilers.
£100—damage by hot-water pipes or heating apparatus.
£300—damage by aeroplanes, airships or other aerial craft.
£300—damage by riots and civil commotion.
£100—damage by storm, tempest or flood.
£100—damage by lightning, thunderbolt, or earthquake.
£1,000—in case of death of husband and wife by violence caused by burglars or housebreakers.
£500—if one is killed under similar circumstances.
£500 or **£250**—in respect of each for loss of one limb or eye, under similar circumstances.
£10—Medical Fees.
£6 per week for both or £3 per week for either up to 4 weeks, for disablement caused by burglars, housebreakers, or fire.
£2 per week maximum rent during reinstatement (not exceeding 26 weeks).

Accidents in Home and Garden.

£250—loss of life.
£250—loss of two limbs or both eyes or one limb and one eye.
£125—loss of one limb or one eye.
£3 per week up to four weeks for disablement by fracture.
£1 per week (after the first week) up to four weeks for **ALL ACCIDENTS**

You can post your Coupon for ½d., now. Sign to-day!

CUT HERE.

J.B. 16.9.22. POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of "John Bull." Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name .....
(IN CAPITAL LETTERS.)

Address .....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

.....

Use ½d. Stamp. Don't seal envelope. Date .....A full Policy certifying registration will be sent upon receipt of a stamped addressed envelope bearing ½d. stamp.

CUT HERE.

J.B. 16.9.22. HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

Date.....

Here's the evidence!

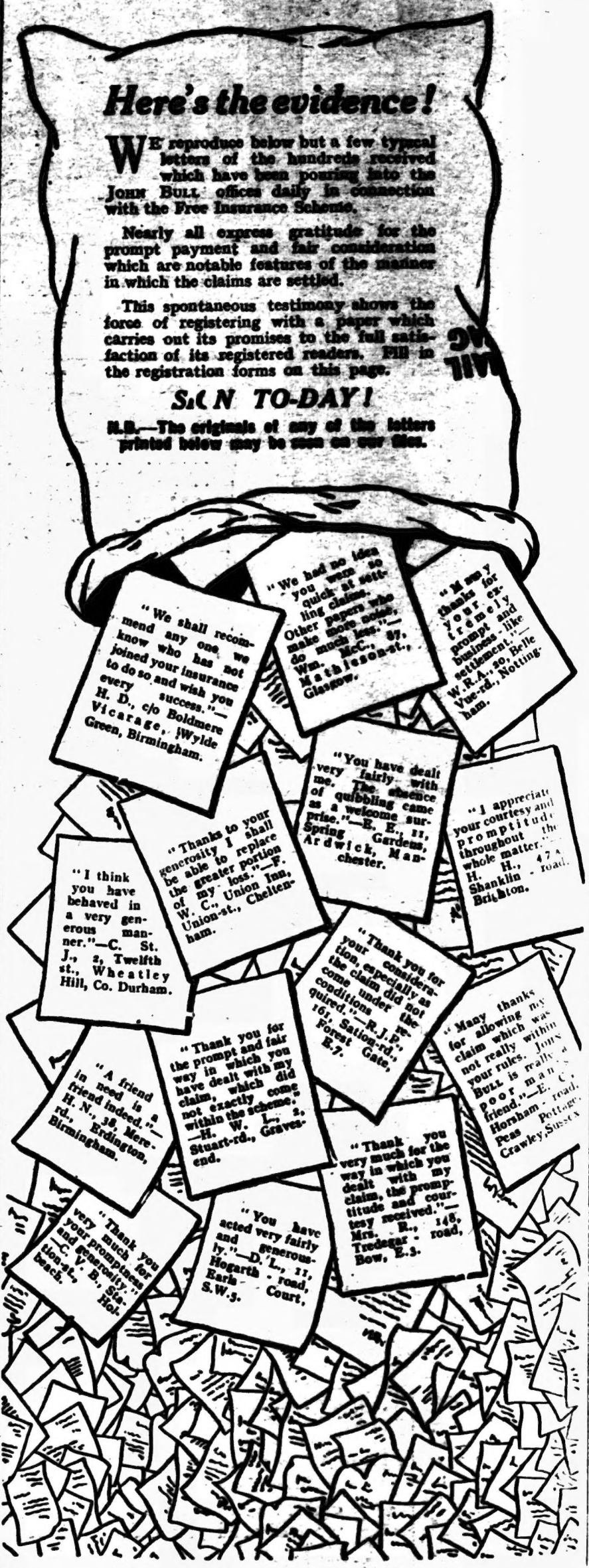
WE reproduce below but a few typical letters of the hundreds received which have been pouring into the JOHN BULL offices daily in connection with the Free Insurance Scheme.

Nearly all express gratitude for the prompt payment and fair consideration which are notable features of the manner in which the claims are settled.

This spontaneous testimony shows the force of registering with a paper which carries out its promises to the full satisfaction of its registered readers. Fill in the registration forms on this page.

SIGN TO-DAY!

N.B.—The originals of any of the letters printed below may be seen on our files.


"We shall recommend any one we know who has not joined your insurance to do so and wish you every success."—H. D., c/o Boldmere Vicarage, Wylde Green, Birmingham.
"We had no idea you were so quick at settling claims. Other papers who make more noise, do much less."—Wm. McC., 87, Mathieson-st., Glasgow.
"Many thanks for your extremely prompt and business-like settlement."—W.R.A., 20, Belle Vue-rd., Nottingham.
"You have dealt very fairly with me. The absence of quibbling came as a welcome surprise."—E. E., 11, Spring Gardens, Ardwick, Manchester.
"Thanks to your generosity I shall be able to replace the greater portion of my loss."—F. W. C., Union Inn, Union-st., Cheltenham.
"I think you have behaved in a very generous manner."—C. St. J., 2, Twelfth st., Wheatley Hill, Co. Durham.
"I appreciate your courtesy and promptitude throughout the whole matter."—H. H., 47a, Shanklin Road, Brighton.
"Thank you for your consideration, especially as the claim did not come under the conditions required."—R.J.P., 161, Station-rd., Forest Gate, E.7.
"Many thanks for allowing my claim which was not really within your rules. JOHN BULL is really a poor man's friend."—E. C., Hornham Road, Pottage, Crawley, Sussex
"A friend in need is a friend indeed."—H. N., 38, Meeres-rd., Erdington, Birmingham.
"Thank you for the prompt and fair way in which you have dealt with my claim, which did not exactly come within the scheme."—H. W. L., 2, Stuart-rd., Gravesend.
"Thank you very much for your promptness and generosity."—C. V. B., Station-st., Seaside.
"You have acted very fairly and generously."—D. L., 11, Hogarth Road, Earls Court, S.W.5.
"Thank you very much for the way in which you dealt with my claim, the promptitude and courtesy received."—Mrs. R., 148, Tredegar Road, Bow, E.3.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

PREPAID RATE: 8s. PER LINE, AVERAGING 6 WORDS. MINIMUM CHARGE, 24s.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

BEST and Cheapest Wholesale Stores for Shopkeepers and Beginners. Remnants, Drapery, Readymades, Travellers' Samples. Catalogue and Guide free.—Cochrane's Warehouse, 1, Victoria Bridge, Manchester. Write to-day.

20/- CAPITAL and your living guaranteed. Write now for free guide of Drapery, Boots, etc.—H. Marks 51 and 52, Houndsditch, E.1.

DRAPERY REMNANTS (Wholesale).—Reduced prices. 21-page Price List free, full of bargains in General Drapery, Vests, Blouses, Overalls, Hosiery, etc. Try a £1 or £2 Blouse Length Parcel for large profits.—Harry H. Clegg (Dept. B.), 96, High Street, Manchester (the English Firm).

MONEY-MAKING Bargains for Shopkeepers and Beginners.—Sell manufacturers' clearing lines and travellers' samples in General Drapery lines below ordinary price. Big profit certain. Wholesale Catalogue free.—Wolfson's Warehouse, 9, High-street, Manchester.

AGENTS WANTED.

AGENTS wanted everywhere. No outlay. Assured income good workers.—Partics. "H.D." Advertising Co., 51, Market St., Blackpool.

AGENTS wanted to sell the Castle Series Private Christmas Cards.—Apply, Box 158, Castle Publishing Company, Cheapside, Preston.

AGENTS wanted "Radio" Gas Lighter. Sample 1/-.—H. Andrex, Sentinel House, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.

PRIVATE CHRISTMAS CARDS.—Agents wanted. Magnificent large Sample Book free. Wonderful commission and prizes; deal direct with manufacturers.—Write Dept. 58, All-British Christmas Card Co., Blackburn.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES, SERVICES.

DO YOU ADVERTISE?—Your advertisement inserted in 56 provincial Newspapers for 7/10. London and suburban series same price.—Write for prospectus, Central Press (Series Dept. 60), 190, Strand, London, W.C.2. Others from 3/6.

£5 to £10 weekly can easily be earned for a small outlay of 30/-. No previous experience necessary.—Write for particulars to H. Lovaine, Dept. J.B.), 143, Houndsditch, London.

ADVERTISE NOW.—Two lines (14 words), once, 50 provincial papers, 5/6. List free.—Fuller, Ltd., 1, Southampton Row, W.C.1.

BUILD up a Mail-Order Business without buying stock. Scheme endorsed by authorities. —Write, Noble Bros., Tavistock Chambers, Nottingham.

PRINTING.—10,000 Handbills at 3/6 per 1,000. Memos, Billheads, Postcards, Duplicate Books, etc. Big range of samples, 3d. postage. —Mead and Son, Room 60, Sandy, Beds.

MAIL ORDER TRADING.—New 10,000-word Guide (illustrated), 1/6, post paid (Catalogue 2d.).—J. & B. Wilkes, Publishers, Stockton, Rugby.

BARGAIN SALES.

CYCLISTS!—If you must know the truth about prices write for my BIG FREE GUIDE. Greatest possible value in Cycles, Tyres, and all accessories. Over a hundred thousand SATISFIED and REGULAR customers. Just "Catalogue, Please," on a postcard, and this wonderful book is yours ABSOLUTELY FREE.—H. Fitzpatrick, Dept. 52, Burnley.

A POSTCARD will bring you price-list and easy terms for Watches, Rings, Cycles, Suits, Raincoats, Boots, Baby Cars, Cutlery, &c., on easy terms, from 3/- month. Send a postcard to Masters, Ltd., 83, Hope Stores, Rye.

CYCLISTS!—The bargains in our monster "Key to Wise Cycling" catalogue will positively amaze you. This veritable "Cyclist's Bradshaw" has no equal for money-saving. Guinea Cycles £5 10s. Brand-new Guaranteed Tyres at literally second-hand prices. Lamps, incredibly cheap. Hosts of other eye-openers. Get to the rock-bottom market. Write for this huge bound book NOW. It's quite free.—Address, Moorhouse, Ltd., Dept. 89, Padiham, Burnley.

TOOLS! at genuine Bargain Prices. Send today for list No. 22c, post free.—George Adams, 255 6, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

BILLIARD CLOTH, any length cut, patterns free; green chalk, 6/6 gross, delivered.—Alfred Grice, Wharf Street, Dewsbury.

BLANKETS, 5/6 each. Amazing offer of full-size Real English Army Blankets, weight 4½ lb., size 60 in. x 90 in. Dont' miss this opportunity. Send cash with order to-day.—Dept. A., Fidel Supply Co., 34, Victoria Street, S.W.1.

WONDERFUL VALUE!—Combination Cigarette and Note cases; beautiful real Morocco; English make; generous pockets. All new stock. Make handsome presents. Money returned if not satisfied. 3/6, post free.—Wilson's, 229, Upper Street, London, N.1.

SAVE buying new razor blades. Get a Sphinx Sharpener. Simple, everlasting. Sends 3 2 7 days' free trial. Davis, 4, Hart St., W.C.1.

EXCEPTIONAL BARGAIN.—Gent's Solid Silver Hall-marked Watches, 20/- only, post free. Fully jewelled, lever movement, guaranteed 5 yrs. Satisfaction or money refunded. Send to-day.—Watts, Son & Co., 327, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

SPORTING Novelty.—Pocket Roulette. Heaps of fun. Selling in thousands. Sample 9d., post free. Camerons, 150, Southampton Row, W.C.1.

A REAL BARGAIN.—Gent's Macks, made from genuine Govt. sheeting, taped seams, quite impervious to rain, 25/-, carriage paid. Well worth 35/-. Write to-day.—C. Kenn and Co., Market Place, Doncaster.

SHEETS, Unbleached Bolton Twill, heavy quality, 70 x 90, 10/6 pr., 2 prs. £1, also White Twill and other wonderful bargains.—John Lewis & Co., 106, Cheapside, E.C.2.

DRESS

REAL Harris and Lewis Homespuns, direct from makers; best quality only; patterns free. —Harris Tweed Depot, James Street, Stornoway.

SUIT Lengths and Costume Gabardines. Any length cut. Patts. free.—The Bradford Tweed Co. (Dept. 10), 1, Manchester Road, Bradford.

SUIT and Costume Lengths. Patts. free. State quality and shade.—Norman K. Sykes and Co., Cloth Hall, Street, Huddersfield.

FOOTWEAR.—BEST FIELD BOOTS, black, toney or brown, 17/6. Best Brogue Shoes, black or brown, 23/6. Post paid.—Elwen, 22, York Place, Leeds.

MUSICAL.

ACCORDIONS, Violins, Banjos, Mandolins, Band Instruments. Illd. Catalogue free.—Dougles, 99, King's Chambs., South Street, E.C.2.

PIANO-PLAYER Sale, £15, £20, £25. Player Pianos, £75, £85, £99, £108, £120. Music Roll Library, 50,000 Rolls available. Prospectus free.—Music Roll Co., Ltd., 78, Gt. Portland Street, W.1.

COMPOSERS' AND AUTHORS' MSS. published on royalty. Send stamp for terms and booklet, "The Road to Recognition."—Globe Music Co., Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), 102, Charing Cross Road, W.C.2.

EDUCATIONAL, INSTRUCTION.

IF YOU ARE not keen to make big money as a Commercial Traveller, don't answer this advertisement; if you are, we can help you.—Write for our free booklet, Dept. 30, Phœnix School of Business, Ltd., 459, Oxford St., W.1.

ABANDON UNEMPLOYMENT, become a qualified Motor Driver. Official Certificate for 3 guineas. Pupils introduced to positions free.—Write or call, Secretary, British School of Motoring, Ltd., 8, Coventry Street, Piccadilly, W.1.

ARE YOU AMBITIOUS? If so, a Metropolitan College postal training will enable you to compel high salaried success. Subjects: Accountancy Secretaryship, London B. Com. Degree, Banking, Costing and Factory Organisation, Commercial and Company Law, Advertising and Sales Management, Business Organisation, Matriculation and professional Preliminary Examinations. 1,500 successes at professional examinations in 1921. Many intensely practical non-examination courses—moderate fees, by instalments, if desired. "Students' Guide," a handsome volume of 132 pages, free on request.—Metropolitan College, Dept. 31, St. Albans.

AMBITIOUS Workers earn more money as Managers, Bookkeepers, Organisers, Salesmen; expert postal courses by qualified staff; free scholarships offered.—Write for particulars, post free, Principal, London School of Commerce, 62, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

LEARN Dutton's 24-hour Shorthand. Secure speed of 150 words per minute. First lesson free.—Dutton's College, Desk J., 92-3, Great Russell Street, London, W.C.1.

"STRAIGHT TALK TO STAMMERERS."—An instructive booklet of 36 pages, post free.—W. Lee Wareing, Anchorsholme, Blackpool.

LEARN MASSAGE at home and earn big money.—Swedish Massage Institute, 104, Central Chambers, Commercial Road, Portsmouth.

SLOAN-DUPLOYAN SHORTHAND saves a year's study and is unrivalled for accuracy and speed. Used on Parliamentary Reporting Staff. Record, 300 words a minute. Illus. Handbook free.—Sloan-Duployan Hdqrs., Dept. 32, Ramsgate.

£300, £400, £500 salary for Certified Bookkeepers; postal tuition, 5/- monthly; success guaranteed two exams. Prospectus free.—City Correspondence College (Dept. 9), 89, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

THE CURE FOR WORMS.—Be your own doctor. "Artico" Worm Tablets positively and permanently cure worst cases. No fasting, dieting, purging. Safe for children, aged, all conditions heath. Generous suppy. 1/6, p.f. Sold under "John Bull's" Guarantee. Send to-day.—Ridyard Tablet Co., Mfg. Chemists, 34-38, High Street, Codnor, Derbyshire.

RUPTURE POSITIVELY CURED.—Absolutely new, wonderful, and inexpensive treatment. Entirely superseding all out-of-date methods. Instant relief. Failure impossible. No torturing springs or pads, no quackery. Call or write for free Trial, Testimonials and Booklet "A." —Le Brasseur Surgical Manufacturing Co., Ltd. (Dept. N.T.), 26, Sackville Street, Piccadilly, London, W. Head Office: 90, Worcester Street, Birmingham. Manchester Branch: Princes Chambers, 26, Pall Mall

HOW to stop Smoking. Genuine Remedy proved by testimonials. Particulars free.—The Stanley Institute (J.B.), Bacton Road, London, S.W.8.

SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS, Shyness, Blushing Send 3d. for interesting book on genuine cure. —Henry Rivers (Desk 34), 40, Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C.

STAMMERING.—I cured myself. You can cure yourself (or your child). Particulars free.—Frank Hughes (J.B.), Ltd., 7, Southampton Row, W.C.1.

GOITRE, Enlarged Glands, Tumours and Tonsils quickly cured without operation. Testimonial proofs and advice free.—W. Duncan, M.H. Specialist (Dept. X), Medical Hall, 44, Broadway, Grays.

NOTHING unfits men and women of to-day like constipation. It is the first step to permanent ill-health. Dr. Jenner's Remedy cures it. Free trial sample and particulars from Jones, Chemist, 22, Bournemouth.

PHOTOGRAPHY

KODAK Spools devel., ptd., and retd. next day. Best work. Mod. charges. Camera Barg. List for stamp. Exc.—Wallace Heaton, Ltd., 119, New Bond St., London, W.1, & at Sheffield.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SIXTY-FOUR PAGE BOOK about Herbs and how to use them, 2d. Send for one.—Trimnell The Herbalist, Richmond Road, Cardiff.

A £4-4-0 PURE-WOOL OVERCOAT to Measure for £2-2-0

"WARMTH WITHOUT WEIGHT."

PORTRAIT OF GEORGE CUMMINGS (THE WORLD'S FASTEST WALKER) IN ACTION.

Mr. Cummings' records are:—1 mile in 6 mins. 22 secs. London to Edinburgh, 420 miles 82 hours, 5 mins., 44½ secs.

GEORGE CUMMINGS, THE FAMOUS WALKER IN HIS BARRY "WARMTH WITHOUT WEIGHT" OVERCOAT. (Photo by Personality Photo Press, Ltd.)

EVERY BARRY GARMENT IS A "PICTURE."

Here is yet fresh evidence of how thoroughly the BARRY SERVICE OF TAILORING DOES ITS WORK. Among its ever-growing clientele is Mr. George Cummings, the world-famous Athlete. He possesses a fine athletic figure, yet our photograph at a glance shows how perfectly comfortable is his "warmth without weight" overcoat. Here is Mr. Cummings' own opinion of his Barry Overcoat. It tells all there is to tell about the comfort of the BARRY CUT.

Dear Sirs,

I must express myself as highly delighted with the Overcoat which you have made for me (warmth without weight).

It is an ideal garment for my use, giving me all the protection against cold, which I need, without encumbering me with superfluous weight.

As for the fit of the garment, I can only express my admiration of your very skilful cutting and making.

With renewed thanks for the attention given to my requirements,

Yours faithfully, (Signed) GEORGE CUMMINGS.

WHEREVER YOU MAY BE WE CAN FIT YOU PERFECTLY.

Our self-measurement chart is a boon to those residing out of London. WE GUARANTEE TO MAKE YOU PERFECT FITTING CLOTHES FROM YOUR OWN MEASURES. IF WE FAIL, THEN WE NOT ONLY INSTANTLY REFUND THE FULL AMOUNT OF YOUR PURCHASE, BUT 2s. 6d. over and above such SUM TO COMPENSATE YOU FOR DISAPPOINTMENT.

Send For FREE Patterns

TWEEDS, SERGES, WORSTEDS, HOMESPUNS, FLEECES, Etc., in unparalleled variety. They will be sent per return Post Paid.

OTHER BARRY SPECIALITIES ARE AS FOLLOWS:

The Best	A	A
£3:10:0 to Measure All-Wool Indigo Dyed, London Shrunk, Blue Serge Suit Ever Produced	PURE NEW WOOL SUIT to Measure for £2:10:0	£3:3:0 ALL WOOL SPORTS COAT to Measure for 30/-

OUR FASHION BOOKLET SHOWS THE VERY LATEST VOGUE IN GENTLEMEN'S TAILORING.

S. A. BARRY & CO., Call or Write.

EXCLUSIVE MEASURE TAILORS,

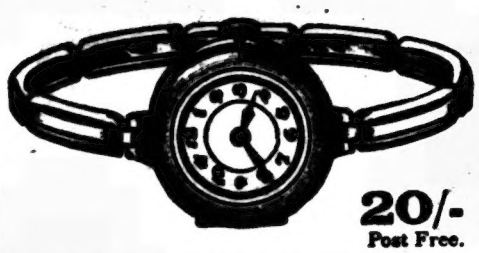
(J.B. Dept.) 26, CITY RD., LONDON, E.C.1 (Nr. Moorgate Tram & Tube Terminus)

Telephone Number for Free Patterns: Clerkenwell 4209.

WATCH

From Factory to Wearer

MANUFACTURERS' RECORD BARGAIN OFFER TO "JOHN BULL" READERS.



20/- Post Free.

No. 1.—GOLD-FILLED BRACELET WATCH, GUARANTEED 5 YEARS.
Handsome Gold-Filled Case, Warranted 5 Years. Perfect Timekeeper, etc. High-grade Jewelled Movement. Timed to a minute a month. Fitted with expanding Bracelet to fit any wrist. Honestly worth Three Gns. **Post Free, 20s**

These Watches are sold under a double guarantee—ours and John Bull's—of Satisfaction or Money Returned. You can therefore order with perfect confidence.

20/- Post Free

No. 2.—GOLD-FILLED FULL HUNTER WATCH, GUARANTEED 5 YEARS.
Handsome extra heavy Gold-Filled Case Guaranteed to stand 20 Years' hard wear. Keyless Lever Movement. Action timed to a minute a month. Doubly protected by Dust and Damp-Proof Case. These Watches cannot be possibly overwound. **Post Free, 20s.**

OPEN VIEW

Never before have such amazing Bargains been offered to Readers. Stock is limited. THEREFORE if you want to secure a single watch at a fraction of its real Value forward your order to **Our West End Office and Showrooms.**

(Dept. J.B. 6) WATTS, SON & CO.
327, Oxford St., London, W.1

Send Postcard for Free Catalogue

THE STORY OF TOBACCO. *No. 13 Perfection.*

WHAT greater luxury can be imagined than a pipe of Player's "Country Life," sweet, cool, and fragrant—the product in the first place of high cultivation, and secondly of the choicest leaf procurable. If only those gallant adventurers, Lane, Drake and Raleigh, who first introduced tobacco to us could be alive to-day to enjoy it!

PLAYER'S

"COUNTRY LIFE"

Tobacco and Cigarettes.

TOBACCO	CIGARETTES
Mild & Medium Strengths	Pink Packet 10 for 6d.
1/- per oz. 4/- per ¼ lb. Tin	Blue Packet 10 for 5½d.

JOHN PLAYER & SONS, NOTTINGHAM

P.934 Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

9 Year Old Cure of Lost Power.

Never a Day's Illness since Dr. Cassell's Tablets Restored Health and Activity.

Mrs. Strain

Nine years ago, Mrs. Strain, St. Germain, St. Catrine, Ayrshire, said :—

"Dr. Cassell's Tablets have cured me of nerve failure so complete that for four years I lay helpless in bed. My limbs were quite useless, I had utterly lost all power of movement, could not move even a finger. Helpless as I was though, I had pain, pain that made me cry like a child sometimes, and I had fallen away almost to a shadow. No treatment did any good till I got Dr. Cassell's Tablets. Then I soon found life returning, first to my fingers and arms, and then to my whole body, and in two months I was up and about again, as well as ever. All who knew me were astonished."

Never a day's illness since.

Now Mrs. Strain says :—"I have never had a day's illness since Dr. Cassell's Tablets cured me. It is nine years since, and I have been well and active all that time, with never a suspicion of the old trouble."

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

Home Price, 3/-

1/3 the smaller size.

Sold by Chemists in all parts of the world. Ask for Dr. Cassell's Tablets and refuse substitutes.

The Universal Home Remedy for

Nervous Breakdown	Anæmia
Neuritis	Palpitation
Indigestion	Kidney Weakness
Sleeplessness	Children's Weakness
Neurasthenia	Wasting

Specially Valuable for Nursing Mothers and During the Critical Periods of Life.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets have revolutionised the treatment of nerves.

Sole Proprietors : THE VERO DRUG CO., LTD., Manufacturing Chemists, MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

SARTOR RAINCOATS

BARGAIN OFFER RENEWED FOR 60 DAYS.

The Genuine Sartor. **20/-** Carriage Paid.

Owing to the enormous Public response to the Sartor Special Offer, it has been decided to keep it open for another 60 days. The price of Textiles is still rising, but during this period we undertake to supply the famous Sartor Raincoat at the special price of 20/-, carriage paid.

Application, however, should be made at once.

The SARTOR RAINCOAT is tailored from superb quality Gabardine, fully proofed, and effectively lined. Light in weight and perfect in style and finish.

SEND NO MONEY. Write first (a p.c. will do) for FREE PATTERNS and STYLE BOOK (Ladies', Gents', Maids' and Youths') and self-measurement form. You buy DIRECT, so there are no MIDDLE PROFITS.

WE GUARANTEE EVERY COAT AND IF YOU ARE NOT SATISFIED WE RETURN YOUR MONEY IN FULL.

SARTOR MANUFACTURING COMPANY
(Dept. J.), 53, OXFORD RD., MANCHESTER.

The CITY LIFE Assurance Company, Ltd

HEAD OFFICE:
CITY LIFE HOUSE,
Old Jewry, London, E.C.2
Telephone: CITY 9543

Assets Exceed -	£1,000,000
Premium Income Exceeds	£450,000
Claims Paid Exceed -	£1,600,000
Advances Made Exceed	£2,250,000

Managing Director,
LEONARD ALDRIDGE.

The Kynaston Method

is proving daily that the knife is used without reason. Operations on

ENLARGED TONSILS AND ADENOIDS

are always dangerous and frequently useless. They are repeatedly followed by death. Lt.-Col. Kynaston is fighting the children's battle. His advice on any form of Catarrhal trouble is available if you will write (enclosing loose stamp) to :—

Dr. KYNASTON'S INSTITUTE,
Sicilian House,
Southampton Row, W.C.1.

Vol. XXXII. No. 850.
Week ending Saturday,
Sept. 16, 1922. Twopence.

JOHN BULL

93, Long Acre,
London, W.C.2.
Telephone: Gerrard 9866
Telegrams: Heroically, London.

For the People——
the Right to Justice and Truth,

The Paper on which the Sun :: Never Sets ::

The World, the Flesh, & the Devil

The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.

Premier Not First Favourite.
Lord Balfour headed the poll for Vice-Presidency of the League of Nations. In those circles he easily ousts our Prime Minister.

A Matter of Policy.
Somebody says Mr. Lloyd George's life can't be insured because nobody can make out his policy. Yet the proverb tells us what can't be cured should be insured!

Limited Partnership.
More stories abroad about Liberal unity. This time it is stated that a basis of agreement has been drawn up. By whom—the Spider or the Fly?

Jane Burr.
Miss Jane Burr is still in this country, wearing breeches and advocating birth-control. Must she stay? Can't she go?

Tram Control.
The tramcar disaster at Stoke-on-Trent shows the pressing need for an automatic stop when the driver's control is accidentally removed. The Ministry of Transport must take action.

The Problem of Prices.
Meat is reaching London in increasing quantities. According to the laws of supply and demand, prices ought therefore to come down. Who is keeping them up?

Little Ministers.
The British Cabinet, owing to lack of time, has reached no decision on reparations. It is a long while since Lord Carson left the Cabinet because it could not make up its mind. Has no-one the courage to follow his example?

Danger Ahead.
Although the commercial outlook generally is very bright, dark storm-clouds are gathering in South Wales, and it may require all the arts of the Wily Welsh Wizard to calm the troubled waters.

The League of Nations.
Congratulations to Senor Edwards, the Chilian Minister in London, on becoming President of the Assembly of the League of Nations. Chile is not a first-rate Power, but in the League one nation is necessarily as good as another.

An Optimist.
A bankrupt the other day said he was suing his creditors for libel and hoped to pay up out of the proceeds. He certainly ought to succeed.

A Mexican Mystery.
What is there behind the presence in London of an exalted individual who might properly be described as Financial Ambassador of Mexico? Americans who know are "peeved" about it.

Profit and Loss.
The sinking of the obsolete battleship *La France* enables the French Government under the Washington Agreement to build a new super-Dreadnought to replace her. It is not always so lucky to lose a ship.

How's That, Umpire?
Prince Ranjitsinhji, the eminent cricketer, is also amongst the League of Nations delegates, where his knowledge of boundaries should be useful. And with C. B. Fry as his secretary, too!

Mr. Motion's Notion.
Mr. Motion, President of the Auctioneers' Institute, declares that the high price of drink is the cause of unrest amongst the workers. He is quite right—the brewers' dividends are not going, going, much less gone!

Homer's Odyssey.
Glasgow has been freely looted by its out-of-works. Mr. Homer, Secretary of the National Union of Unemployed, now threatens to march on London. London does not appreciate the compliment or want the demonstration.

A Visitor.
It was not the quest for a quiet place to pray that brought a devout Mahommedan lieutenant of Kemal Pasha to London in the guise of a loyal Indian subject. Tino's representatives would give much to know what transpired at the several interviews the visitor had.

Waste and Want.
A number of Lincolnshire farmers intend to leave their potatoes in the ground and plough them in, as they consider it is not worth while to raise them owing to the present low prices! Surely some of the local unemployed would be glad to dig the potatoes for themselves.

"Dagonet."
A sad farewell to George Robert Sims, most versatile of wits and an untiring champion of the poor and oppressed. The reforms that resulted from his articles "How the Poor Live," and the Court of Criminal Appeal, which resulted from his activities in the Beck case, form together a worthy and unperishable monument.

Can You Help?
The Guild of Officers appeals to employers to give work to ex-officers. Employers ought to do their bit to make this a land fit for heroes.

Medicine in Russia.
Congratulations to the Russian doctors, who are once again meeting in conference. For years they have taken their own lives as well as those of their patients in their hands.

Asking for It.
Those who rushed the Trade Union Congress into applying funds to subsidise the *Daily Herald* are asking for trouble—and they will get what they asked for, as the Courts will be invited to determine the legality of the levy on men who disapprove of the politics of the paper.

Missing Girls.
An extraordinary number of girls have been reported missing during the last few weeks, and the public is getting profoundly alarmed. The sinister rumours on the subject are undoubtedly exaggerated, but an authoritative statement should be made by the Home Office.

Stealthy Stinnes.
To do good spade work by stealth and find it profitable is still the motto of Herr Hugo Stinnes, and those who think he has given up his pre-war designs on the British coalfields may have a rude awakening one of these mornings. At any rate, he is still cultivating the same soil.

The Tug-of-War.
There is an interesting fight between members of the Government. Mr. Munro is going to the Bench, and Mr. J. Ian Macpherson is very keen to become Scottish Secretary. But Sir George Younger wants the post for Captain Gilmour. Hence a pretty tug-of-war. It will test Mr. Lloyd George's power to hold the balance.

Winston Wary.
It is curious how a possible Cabinet vacancy opening the way to his promotion always prompts the discovery that Winston can render great service to the Empire on an errand that takes him out of England indefinitely. With the Chancellorship going abegging they want to send Winston to America, but he is wary by now.

Something Wrong.
Strict regulations rightly make it hard for Germans to enter this country, but it is curious that the least desirable seem to find it easiest to enter. There is something wrong with the system that excludes quite harmless Hun holiday makers but admits freely men of the type of a certain baron whose chief occupation is the corruption of youth of both sexes.

Heroes of Peace.

The terrible disaster at the Haig Pit, Whitehaven, has afforded yet another illustration of the heroism and unselfish devotion of which miners are capable when their comrades are in peril. Facing danger daily as a matter of course, the miner never flinches from facing death for the sake of an imperilled comrade. Collieries are as fit a subject for epics as battlefields.

Youth and Cruelty.

Frederick Coombes, of Plymouth, a youth of twenty-one, has been fined £6 for swinging a kitten by the tail and dashing it against a wall. His crime merited severer punishment, because he encouraged some boys who witnessed it to commit similar atrocities by saying: "You can't hurt a cat . . . because it's got nine lives." His true deserts would have been an application of the "cat" with nine tails.

A Nasty Jar.

We have no wish to "crab" a new and important industry, but steps must be taken at once to regulate the weight and speed of motor charabancs. When the vibration of these huge vehicles causes cottage walls to crack, ceilings to fall, and mantelpieces to collapse—as was lately the case at the Isle of Wight—it is time to call a halt in more than one sense.

At Long Last.

The Poet Laureate, Dr. Robert Bridges, is not dead after all—although his poetic silence over so long a period might have led to that conclusion. He has just written a blank-verse tribute to the late Sir Hubert Parry. As the lines seem to us to transgress every rule of prosody, we should suggest that the worthy and spasmodic Doctor might be re-named the Poet Licentiate.

Another Strike!

Over a hundred Crediton devotees of My Lady Nicotine have decided to give up smoking as a protest against the high price of tobacco, and hope their example will be widely followed in the West Countree, and thus bring about a reduction. We seem to have heard of a similar strike against the price of beer, but it ended in froth. Sooner or later this one is bound to end in smoke.

Hereditary Heroism.

Heredity is blamed for so many things now-a-days that it is gratifying to find that it may apply to virtues as well as vices. A boy of fourteen named Edward Brown plunged into the river from the quayside at Sunderland and rescued a girl from drowning. He seems to have inherited the gallantry as well as the name of his father, who has saved forty lives in the same way. Long life to Edward the Second!

Bully for Brighton!

Our congratulations to the Queen of Watering Places on the shelving, if not the total destruction, of the proposed scheme to convert the Aquarium into a gargantuan garage for modern juggernauts. Such a vandalistic destruction of the beauties and amenities of the Parade would have excited universal regret. The railway terminus might as well be transferred to the King's Road.

A Dear Old Soul.

The honesty and kindness of the poor is proverbial. Mrs. Brown, a Stockgrove (Bucks) old age pensioner, found £40 in the street. The dear old soul not only returned the money to the woman who lost it, but refused a £5 reward, saying she did not think the owner could afford to give it. We raise our hat to Mrs. Brown, and are glad to hear that she is being recompensed in other ways.

Marrow and Sorrow.

A Bedford farmer for a ton of marrows, which cost him £9 15s. to produce, has received 6d. from the salesman who sold them in Birmingham market. What was the salesman's profit?

A Return to Sanity?

From the States comes Mr. McGivern—a delegate from the American Federation of Labour—to tell us that "Prohibition is a failure." Then comes the news that the Persian Government has revoked the law prohibiting the importation of alcoholic beverages. On the whole, things do not look too promising for Lady Astor's new Drink Bill.

Second Thoughts.

Darlington is not to become Dullington after all, the Town Council having rescinded their recent resolution to prosecute newsagents for selling newspapers on Sundays. It was pointed out to them that such proceedings would mean the town losing money, as the Magistrates could impose a penalty of only 5s., and the costs would be 5s. 6d. That settled it!

Wanstead's Want.

Although Wanstead is only seven miles from Liverpool Street, some of its roads are never swept of litter and filth, the gullies being choked with grass and refuse, the manholes broken, and the surface drains never flushed unless a complaint of nuisance arises. If the Minister of Health has not power to make such a District Council do what it ought to do, the sooner he obtains it the better.

A Just Sentence.

We congratulate the Merthyr Magistrate on sending John Carmody to prison for a month. John, who is mine host of the Mount Pleasant Hotel, Trecynon, went for a joy-ride in his motor car, imbibed too freely, and on his way home ran into an electric tram. This sentence should teach at least one road hog that it does not pay to risk other people's lives and limbs, as well as his own, by trying to drive a car when drunk.

A Query.

Simple remedies might have prevented the death of Elizabeth Grocett, aged sixty, of Liverpool; but, being a fanatical believer in faith-healing, she refused medical aid. Her two daughters, out of respect for their mother's opinions, omitted to call in a doctor. In our opinion they were morally responsible for her death. But we suppose it is as debatable a question as that as to how many angels can dance on the point of a needle.

Bail Blunders.

We are glad to note Sir Ernest Wild's strong denunciation at the Old Bailey of the practice of refusing bail in trivial cases. In one instance a young woman had remained seven weeks in gaol awaiting trial for bigamy, and in another, in which the Grand Jury threw out the bill, a middle-aged woman servant charged with stealing £1 had been in prison for eight weeks. We hope we have heard the last of this scandal.

Something Like a Sentence.

No one can cavil at the sentence passed by the Seabrook (Hythe) Magistrate on a callous couple named Michael and Florence Mooney for cold, studied brutality towards a little girl of eleven, who was staying with them "for her health"! In place of the admonition and fine, far too common in such cases, they were both condemned to six months' imprisonment, the man with hard labour. This will please the Rev. B. G. Bourchier!

Poincare plus Hearst.

Only the other day, the rabid anglophobiac New York newspaper proprietor Hearst shrieked, "We won the war for France and England which they could not win for themselves. We owe France and England nothing. They owe us everything, even their very existence." The reply of M. Poincare to Earl Balfour's Note almost suggest that he is in cordial agreement with Mr. Hearst. A strange duet, indeed!

Those Therms.

All the assurances of the gas companies that the new system of charging by therms instead of cubic feet is to the advantage of the consumer will not do much to allay the suspicions of people whose gas bills have nearly doubled thereby. What the public would like to know is whether the gas companies' receipts have increased likewise, and they won't be happy till they get the information.

City Fathers of Glasgow.

The other day, when the members of the Glasgow Corporation were about to be filmed, they were asked by Lord Provost Paxton "to look as if they were sincere, very much in earnest, and sit as if they were conducting the affairs of the Corporation." In other words, he wanted them to look like real councillors counselling. Evidently our impression that they always looked like that was erroneous.

The Uninvited Guest.

The tactics adopted by the hermit crab, when he realises the need for more commodious premises, is to eat a whelk, and then to occupy the empty shell. There must be something of the crab nature in the Willesden woman who, having been turned out of her home, sought shelter with a friend, and, in her absence, installed herself, her husband and her children—with all her furniture—in the already sufficiently crowded house. And just when "Ours is a nice 'ouse, ours is," is a popular song.

"What a Change was There!"

Sir J. Tudor Walters, Paymaster-General and M.P. for Brightside, Sheffield, in fulfilment of a twelve-months-old challenge, is accompanying Gypsy Smith, the singing evangelist, on a mission through Yorkshire. To leave the dust of the political arena for the purer air of the preacher's pitch should prove beneficial, even to a Paymaster-General—provided he does not remain in the more rarefied atmosphere too long.

"All the Way."

Though issued with a ticket marked "2d. all the way," with a notice on the back "The cheap mid-day ticket is in operation on all cars leaving central London termini between 10 a.m. and 4 p.m.," a passenger was asked for another 2d. when he got half way, and summoned when he refused to pay. The summons was withdrawn on payment of costs, as the notice was admittedly misleading. It is time the L.C.C. authorities learned English.

An Unfair Prosecution.

When District Overseers find themselves prosecuted on account of the failure of a Government Department to meet its local obligations promptly, they are entitled to complain with a loud voice. Such was the experience of the Overseers of Durrington, who were summoned to pay up some hundreds of pounds owed to the Amesbury Board of Guardians and District Council. True, the proceedings were adjoined *sine die*, but the unpleasantness of the incident remains.

Mismanagement.

When a number of miners near Cardiff asked for an early cessation of work in order to attend the funeral of a comrade, all they got was a refusal. They nevertheless showed their respect by joining the procession as they came from the pit, grimy and black—but underneath was a white heart, which is more than we can say of the management.

A Little Heroine.

Though only ten, Mollie Sadler of Rushden has proved that she is made of the right stuff. Seeing a tiny child toddling along the Midland Railway track, she clambered up the embankment and snatched the baby from the metals, just as an express roared past. Well done, Mollie! Your sort shows that pluck and presense of mind will not be lacking in the coming generation!

Wanted, an Inquiry.

Messrs. Rownson, Drew, and Clydesdale, Limited, have had dealings in scrap brass with the Disposals Board and want an inquiry. The firm say they can instruct the Chancellor of the Exchequer how to reduce this year's estimates for carrying on the Board, £4,000,000, "by at least £500,000 and possibly £1,500,000." The Chancellor ought to think a lot before he declines the offer with or without thanks.

Bawbees and Babies.

Bailie Chapel, of Arbroath, seems to have strange ideas regarding the sanctity of childhood's chastity, for when a beast named George Maitland Dewar was convicted before him of what he described as a most heinous offence against a girl of three years and nine months, he find him £10 with the alternative of sixty day's imprisonment—and allowed the wretch two weeks in which to pay! He appears to think more of bawbees than of babies.

Motor Law Muddle.

Under an antiquated law, a Yarmouth firm were recently fined £5 at Blofield Petty Sessions for driving a heavy motor lorry at a speed exceeding 5 m.p.h. The actual speed was 8 m.p.h., which is about the lowest consistent with safety to the engine. At the same Sessions a man with a lighter lorry who had been careering along at 30 m.p.h. to the danger of the public, was charged under another Act and fined only £1. This may be good law, but it is neither sense nor justice.

Milk and Water.

If the Minister of Health is not too exhausted after his efforts to restrain Local Authorities from being too eager to prosecute dairymen, he might turn his attention to the statement of Mr. Kershaw, of Hampstead, at the Sanitary Inspectors' Association Conference. He said he had sent for analysis a sample of milk taken from a supply which he had seen deliberately adulterated with water, and the Public Analyst had returned it marked "genuine milk." No wonder babies cry!

Revenge That Failed.

The Old Bailey Recorder very properly refuses to allow the law to become the instrument of private vengeance. Ada Holmwood, driven from home by a brutal husband, took refuge with William Frost, who, knowing she was married, went through a marriage ceremony with her. Later, to avenge a thrashing administered to him by the woman's son, Frost had her arrested for bigamy. The Recorder sentenced her to one day's imprisonment which meant that she left the court at once a free woman. We congratulate Sir Ernest Wild on his humane common sense.

How it is Done.

Government Departments still make a brave show with statistics of ex-fighters found jobs, but they are discreetly silent about the men displaced to make room for the newcomers. In one department for every one taken on two old Boer War veterans have been "sacked."

Municipal Stupidity.

The tenants on the L.C.C. housing estate at Bellingham have to take their rents to the Estate Office, and this often causes a queue of mothers with little ones who cannot be left at home. It would be just as easy, from the Council's point of view, to collect the rents, and much more convenient for the tenants.

A Kill-Joy Triumph.

The local kill-joys have had their way at Northampton, and the residents of the boot town, unlike more favoured townspeople, will not be allowed to play games in their parks on Sundays. Perhaps the ordinary residents, whose voices were drowned in the kill-joy clamour against Sunday games, will make themselves heard at the next municipal election.

Big Money.

The enormous sum of £90,000 which Mr. Lloyd George is to receive for writing a book has startled a good many people, but it is not to be compared with our own wonderful offer of £1,000 for only two, three or four words in our "Bullets" Competition. Even the Prime Minister's magnificent remuneration is small in proportion, and one witty inspiration is sufficient to secure this splendid prize.

Kindly Wrongheadedness.

The well-dressed woman who asked to be excused Grand Jury service on the ground that she believed only in the law of kindness and forgiveness, is a typical example of the folly of letting the heart completely rule the head. While most of us believe in kindness and forgiveness, we also know that, with human nature what it is, it is necessary to have a policeman handy, a police-court round the corner, and a prison or so here and there.

Picture Palace Pests.

The odious pests who attempt to interfere with girls under cover of the semi-darkness of kinema entertainments might soon be exterminated if the example of the Rochdale Magistrate were widely followed. He sentenced a young scoundrel named Edward Lindup Stott to one month and three months' imprisonment with hard labour, respectively, for two such offences. The latter penalty is none too severe, but it happens to be the maximum.

Wanted—An Explanation.

It would be interesting to know on what sort of references the Ministry of Pensions engaged John Norrish, a Civil Servant recently sentenced to nine months for obtaining £52 10s. by forging a receipt. That a man against whom thirteen previous convictions for theft and false pretences were proved should have been given a post in which £180,000 passed under his control is amazing. The matter cannot be allowed to remain without further explanation.

MANSLAUGHTER BY SHIPPING DIRECTORS

by ARNOLD BENNETT

THE "great" passenger shipping companies are marvellously exempt from Press criticism. (I need not go into the reasons for this.) All the public hears about the wonder-ships is an exciting tale of their vastness, their luxury, and their speed. Never a derogatory word! The wonder-ships are indeed wonderful, and they deserve much praise; but passengers in some of the very biggest of them, and passengers in any ship belonging to certain lines, will tell authentic tales of dirt, discomfort, bad service, and bad food. No daily paper would print these tales. I say nothing of the treatment of the crew.

Dirt, discomfort, bad service and bad food do not, however, entail risk to life. What is much more important than these is the notorious neglect of owners of nearly all lines to adopt precautions for minimising the loss of life in case of accident. I have travelled by good lines and by bad lines, and I have never yet seen a boat-drill; I have never yet been told what boat I should seek in case of danger; and I have never yet even seen a cover taken off a boat. Swimming baths and ballrooms are excellent on board; but if there is a collision you cannot dance on the sea, and you are likely to have more swimming than you desire.

It is obvious that boat-drills should take place on every voyage, that such boat-drills should be public, and that, above all, the passengers should be invited to interest themselves in this matter vital to themselves. It is obvious that everybody on board should know what he ought to do in a crisis. It is obvious that all crews, whether European or Oriental, should be thoroughly disciplined. It is obvious that no crew incapable of acting according to discipline in a crisis ought to be employed at all. Are these things done? They are never done. Why are they not done? Because it would cost a lot of money to do them? Not at all. They are not done because the directing minds are slack in this particular respect, being, no doubt, convinced that no accident can happen to *their* ships!

Accidents can and do happen to the largest ships, and will happen again. And the larger the ship the greater the danger in case of accident. You cannot appreciate the size of a very large ship while you are on board her. You can only realise it by getting into a row-boat and rowing under her side. You then perceive that you are rowing along a street of six or seven-storey buildings. The sight is not merely impressive; it is appalling. You see the life-boats high above you. Imagine being lowered in a boat from the roof of a lofty house to the ground. Imagine the house itself to be pitching and tossing, and the ground to be a heaving sea. And imagine some scores of boats, and some thousands of people all in an acute state of nerves. Then you will get a notion of what the shipwreck of an important liner can be like. And remember that a list of the ship to either side may put half the boats out of action!

At best, life-saving at sea is a desperate business. The least the directors of shipping companies can do is to make certain that all the life-saving apparatus is in order and that all the human beings affected by the risk are thoroughly drilled. Directors who fail in this crucial matter with fatal results are worthy to be indicted for manslaughter, and they would be indicted for manslaughter if they were not so exalted. Many a chauffeur has suffered imprisonment for negligence far less culpable.

BACK PARLOUR CRIMES

Devilry and Doctoring Parasites of the Healing Art

by OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER

POST-WAR life has brought social conditions peculiarly favourable to those parasites who make money in the most detestable fashion—by deliberately exploiting the murder of the unborn and by fomenting the fears of those who have contracted loathsome diseases. Even the sufferers from such dreadful diseases as malignant cancer, consumption, etc., are their prey.

The back-parlour consultations of the herbalist are a feature of town life that every doctor and social worker is aware of.

Few, however, of the general public realise the appalling trade that is carried on in murdering the unborn. It is rampant in the dense industrial districts of the North, and so widespread in South Wales that the police admit the impossibility of checking it. A new and disquieting feature is that no longer is the working-woman the chief "customer" that glides furtively into the back "parlour" of the parasite. "Respectable" ladies, married and unmarried, either dead-set against having a family or hugging a shameful secret, resort to the abortionist. Every now and again a Coroner's inquest opens up a tangled tale of many women who have visited a certain specialist in infanticide, and perhaps a conviction results. More often the victim dies mute—her lips sealed by a feeling that it is "not sporty" to "give away" the name of the person who has caused her death.

To the mill-worker who dares not have an addition to her family the fee may be one pound; the terrified unmarried girl is squeezed down to the last penny, and may be bled for ten or even twenty pounds. Noxious drugs are administered with reckless disregard for health; often the instrument is resorted to, and deadly consequences follow. But in hundreds of cases it is successful.

Women, masquerading as nurses, are deep in this dreadful business. They have usually a house in a side street, and make a pretence of midwifery. But for every child they introduce into the world many are destroyed. They obtain their clients by recommendation, and some women come an astonishingly long distance for "advice."

There is another class of parasite who wisely avoids abortion but exploits fear. The herbalist and the unregistered "doctor" is too often the resort of the man who has sinned and finds himself burdened with shameful consequences. His desire is *secrecy*—and the "herbalist" is willing to gratify the desire—at a price.

In the back-parlour "consulting room" there will be poured into the ears of the sufferer a harrowing story of the "frightful results" of his lapse from virtue. Then some worthless "drugs" will be sold at a fancy price. "Treatment" will extend over many weeks, and while the sufferer grows steadily worse his pocket grows correspondingly lighter. Finally he will drag himself to the qualified physician, who usually finds that delay has rendered the disorder a hundred times worse.

Few have any conception of the dreadful harm wrought by these "healers." In Liverpool they are rampant—in the Scotland Road district they exist by dozens; in Birmingham there may be found plenty dotted about in the Bristol Road area; in Leeds they swarm increasingly; while in Manchester they infest the Shude-hill district. It is invidious perhaps to mention any particular town, but the danger is a terrible one, as any doctor can testify.

Perhaps a more poignant feature is the callous manner in which certain parasites fleece the dying. The "cancer cure" is a familiar type of nostrum met with by the doctor. Worthless "violet leaves," "sure Indian remedy," "Absolute Secret Cancer Cure" are sold at fancy prices. They are bought by the dying and pain-racked, who in many instances scrape together literally their last pence to clutch at the "infallible cure." Samples that have been investigated prove these nostrums to be not merely worthless, but some actually inflame the cancer.

"Consumption cures" are another fruitful source of profit to the unscrupulous. It appears that there are some fifty-six "cures" on the market, many of which are of American origin. Herbalists often put up a special "cure" of their own, and in almost every instance the basis of the medicine is paregoric—a substance absolutely harmful to the consumptive, as it deadens the mucus and prevents coughing—Nature's effort to get rid of the deadly substance that is swarming with the tubercular germ.

There are, of course, a few honest herbalists who sell natural remedies culled from the herbs of the field. But most are rank quacks, ignorant as mercenary, ready to deal in disease and death for money. These "back-parlour" keepers should be registered and severely under the control of the police

EASY PREY

Lax Handling of Mailbags

ON many occasions we have drawn attention to the lax way in which the mails are handled at railway stations. What happened on a recent Saturday at London Bridge Station sheds a high light on the matter. A train arrived at No. 4 platform about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. In the expectation, apparently, that the Post Office men would be on the platform waiting to pick them up, the guard threw out a number of the bags. As a matter of fact, the men were in another part of the station taking over bags which had just come in by another train. When at last they did arrive, three of the bags had vanished, two being subsequently found, ripped open and rifled, on another part of No. 4 platform, the remaining bag is still missing. The job was presumably done by watchful experts who hang about the stations with the object of taking advantage of any lack of vigilance or adventitious circumstance, if necessary purchasing a platform or short journey ticket. Anybody who has had to wait for a train and has observed the loading of the vans must have noticed mail bags on the platform being left unattended. As the Postmaster-General states that he is not liable for loss of letters or parcels in transit, even if they are insured, it is hereby suggested that he should strengthen his watch and ward at railway stations.

QUILLIAM, THE FISHY

The Disappearing Trick

IT is a disaster for the general public that a concern established for the professed purpose of decreasing the cost of fish to the consumer should have come to such a catastrophic end as that which has concluded the comparatively brief career of the Direct Fish Supplies (Ltd.), of London Wall Buildings, E.C.

This enterprise, a few months ago, and while under the control of Mr. William Henry Bilal Quilliam, came to an inglorious close as a result of gross mismanagement and extravagance; and the creditors and shareholders are deeply concerned to know the whereabouts of the man to whom they cannot fail to feel they owe their heavy loss.

There are grave reasons to believe that Quilliam "got away" with a very substantial sum of money.

It appears, however, that the search for the missing financier has not been as keen as the circumstances of his disappearance warrant; and there has arisen, in consequence, justifiable suspicion that he may be enjoying the protection of certain interested parties.

That Quilliam has interests in the Isle of Man may be known to many; but that he has visited that place since his disappearance from London may be news to some. But for this we can vouch. Moreover, and even more important, as recently as last Thursday week, Quilliam was recognised in the neighbourhood of the offices of one of his late associates, in the very heart of London.

It is probable that the unsecured creditors of Quilliam's concern will receive a dividend of 10s. in the pound; but as things shape at present, the shareholders' prospects of recovering any return for their investments are nil.

In these circumstances, it is reasonable to demand that every effort shall be made to discover the whereabouts of the man whose gross extravagance and careless handling of the Company's funds appear to be mainly responsible for the ruin of what promised to be a useful and profitable enterprise.

Are serious efforts being made to find this man? It is not for us to prejudge the case against him, beyond repeating the terms in which he was referred to by the Senior Official Receiver, who declared that it would be his duty, if he discovered sufficient evidence of anything irregular or improper in the conduct of the Company's affairs, to report the matter to the Director of Public Prosecutions.

Quilliam's mysterious disappearance seems to us to warrant such a report.

BLATANT BLASPHEMY

Woman's Poisonous Pamphlet

THERE has come into our hands a book entitled "The Trail of the Serpent." It bears the signature of Edith Mason, of The Hut, Burnham Thorpe, Norfolk. The real name of the authoress is Annie White, and she proudly publishes her portrait in the respected garb of a nurse.

The less said about this woman the better, for her pamphlet is one of the most grossly offensive we have ever seen.

After all, England is a Christian country. The King is head of the Church of England as by law established, which baptises, marries, and buries us, and the people as a nation worship the Founder of Christianity and reverence and honour His Mother.

We do not wish to go into the details of the blasphemous tirade before us. Suffice it to say that in the very first chapter this woman declares that the Founder of Christianity was born of a degraded mother and an unknown father, that His boyhood at home was spent amid strife, drunkenness and obscenity, and suggests that carnal appetite, unholy lust and utter immorality were the chief characteristics of His Mother.

The Public Prosecutor recently secured a conviction of the printers for omitting to put their imprint on the pamphlet. We suggest that he should go further and confiscate all copies of the poisonous thing.

LABOUR DEVELOPMENT

THE LABOUR POLITICIAN (to his underfed and underhoused constituent): "Of course, we don't know so much about you, but haven't we just brought your watch-dog on fine!"

[The Trades Union Congress emphasises the facts that the Political Labour Party is steadily growing bigger—and the workman's standard of life as steadily falling.]

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties, and Occasionally Nonentities.

Our Weekly KINEMA
LEAGUE OF NATIONS
For "Peace on Earth" it's vain to look
To speeches kind or clever;
Tho' Leaguers, like the little brook,
May babble on for ever.
PROFIT £350,000,000 FROM FOREIGN SPECULATORS IN MARKS
We thought the slump in marks we've seen
Was filling Fritz with sadness,
But now we half suspect there's been
Some method in his madness.
NOTICE! NO PROHIBITION JOKES ALLOWED IN THIS THEATRE THE MANAGER.
In Yankeeland all funny folks
Who deal out comic patter
Must not make Prohibition jokes;
It's not a laughing matter.
BEAVER
BEAVER
In wholesome games of every sort
Most people are believers,
But whiskered men don't like the sport
That designates them "Beavers."

To Dr. HAMBLIN SMITH,
Birmingham.

DEAR SIR,—As one of the tests of intelligence which you apply to youthful offenders, on whom you have to report to the Birmingham Magistrates, you are in the habit of asking them, "Who is the Prime Minister?" And you find that while there is abysmal ignorance on this point, questions on sport are answered quite readily. Surely this is as it should be! For an errant youngster who plays football there is some hope, but there is no saying what might happen to one with a premature interest in politics. He might develop into an agent for selling titles. JOHN BULL.

To Lady ASTOR, M.P.,
Cliveden, Taplow, Bucks.

DEAR NANCY,—I have just seen your pleasant little "Liquor (Popular Control) Bill," which is of course only the thin edge of the Prohibition wedge, and provides, among other things, for Local control by committees on which so-called "temperance bodies" are to be represented. If you yourself were a "temperance body" your views might carry weight, but of course you are a teetotal body—which is quite a different thing. Believe me, your efforts to drive this country as "dry" as the land of your birth are doomed to failure. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. J. R. CLYNES, P.C.,
41, St. John's Road, Putney.

DEAR MR. CLYNES,—It is all very well for you to demand, with something like a threat, that the Government should produce magical schemes to do away with unemployment, but what are the Trades Unions doing in the matter? Do they, for instance, help the unskilled ex-soldier to take up a new trade, or do they use their power to prevent him? I would suggest that, from a man with your influence, a little *constructive* criticism would be far more useful than vague vapourings of this sort. JOHN BULL.

To Rev. S. CHADWICK,
President, National Free Church Council, Dudley.

SIR,—In objecting to the use of the vestries of chapels for card games, whist drives and dances, you smugly remark that we shall not change the world by the frivolities of Vanity Fair. I imagine, however, that the good people of your flock whom you chastise for this terrible sacrilege did not do it in order to change the world, but just to make it a little more pleasant to live in—an object of which I can well understand that you heartily disapprove.
JOHN BULL.

To Mr. W. G. CHAMBERS,
Whitehall, S.W.

SIR,—On the recent occasion when civil servants created a precedent by demonstrating in Trafalgar Square, you, as Chairman, tried to show that a Government clerk was worse off than a farm labourer, who, according to you, gets 46s. a week and pays only 3s. or 4s. rent. As a matter of fact, he usually gets 31s. 6d. a week, and his rent, if he lives in one of the new Government cottages, is 7s. 6d.—so he is lucky if there is even 24s. over for the maintenance of his home. It is a bad case that has to be bolstered up by such inaccurate statistics. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. G. WYVER,
London Building Trade Workers' Delegate, Southport.

SIR,—The Trade Union Congress, on your motion, has fixed upon 70 as the age at which its officials shall retire with a pension. This doesn't give them much time for leisure in the evening of their days, does it? It seems to me that the Headquarters of Labour might have set a good example to other employers by giving a servant his freedom at 60, or even 65, while he still retains a little capacity for enjoying himself. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. W. R. FOWLSTONE,
Butcher, Christ Church Road, Doncaster.

SIR,—Having caused a crowd to collect, you started off by bragging that you never moved for a policeman. You moved, as a matter of fact, in quick time to the police station, managing on the way to deliver yourself of the opinion that "the dam Corporation is no good; the tramways will never pay. Every time you get on you see a big fat policeman riding free." Having thrown out this daring challenge to social order, you bravely awaited a sentence that would give you the crown of a martyr. But the Court was heartless enough to treat you as a joke, and discharge you on payment of costs. Truly, a bad day! JOHN BULL.

To Governor COX (of Ohio),
Ritz Hotel, Piccadilly.

SIR,—All United States politicians are expected to be humorists, but your idea of a joke is not mine. An official of the Guild of Officers, misguided perhaps but zealous in a good cause, asked you if you could offer employment to an ex-officer. You said that you wanted a valet. Not gifted with your vivid sense of fun, the official got together five poor devils who were so hard up for a job that they were even willing to press your trousers for you—but when he got them round to your hotel for you to make a selection, he found it was all spoof. Are you still laughing, Governor? JOHN BULL.

To Sydney A. MOSELEY, Esq.,
Editor, "Southend Times."

MY DEAR MOSELEY,—I understand that you are engaged in a campaign to make Southend brighter for its residents and visitors, or, as I might put it if addicted to puns, to Brighton Southend. Unfortunately, however, you have come bang up against the local kill-joys, who, because you want to organise a harmless whist drive, would like to invoke the terrors of the law. They will certainly fail. I envy you this fine opportunity of championing the Englishman's right to wholesome recreation without grandmotherly interference. Stick to it, and let's shake hands when you've won.
JOHN BULL.

To Hamilton FYFE, Esq.,
17, Warrington Crescent, W.

DEAR COMRADE,—I can't help rubbing my eyes a little at seeing one of the *Daily Mail's* War Correspondents in the editorial chair of the *Daily Herald*, but I have not the slightest doubt that you will fill it with distinction, and I congratulate Labour on getting a man for the job who is at the same time a sound journalist, a delightful writer and a man of the world. You bring to the *Herald* a sense of proportion and a sanity of vision which its direction has hitherto conspicuously lacked. Good luck! JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. F. G. Kellaway, M.P.,
Postmaster-General.

DEAR SIR,—Will you kindly explain why Post Office Telephone Exchange operators are instructed to see that the public pay the extra charges demanded in automatic boxes at railway termini such as Waterloo? The railway companies *may* be within their legal rights in charging 4d. for a 3d. call, but I can see no reason why you should help them in their profiteering, unless it is that your Department has a share in the ramp. JOHN BULL.

Postcard to Sir C. S. SHERRINGTON, M.D., F.R.S.,
Chairman, British Association, Hull.

Your question "Are we machines?" will start another conflict between the theologians and the scientists reminiscent of the days of Darwin, and the existence of the "soul" will be hotly debated in Press and Pulpit for months to come. And at the end of it where shall we be? Exactly where we are now! JOHN BULL.

Look out for the "JOHN BULL" Man in Blackpool.

Without Fear or Favour

by The Editor

Curzon Must Go!

LORD CURZON is ill. For months past he has been unable effectively to discharge the duties of the Foreign Office. In these circumstances a demand has arisen for his retirement, and it implies no want of sympathy with the Foreign Secretary in his illness if we say that in our opinion he ought immediately to resign. It is an absurd anomaly that the titular head of a great Department of State should have nothing to do with its affairs.

As a Foreign Minister Lord Curzon was always more or less of a dummy. When in active health he was swayed and controlled by the Prime Minister, and notoriously had little or no voice in the determination of foreign policy. Latterly, Mr. Lloyd George has come to lean more and more upon Earl Balfour for counsel in foreign affairs, and to-day this experienced statesman is to all intents and purposes Foreign Secretary. It is a post for which, by his gifts and training, he is peculiarly fitted.

We hope Lord Curzon will recover his health, but he will be wise not to risk it again by returning to the Foreign Office. The qualities needed in a Foreign Minister, especially in these troubled times, are of a rare order. As it happens, Earl Balfour possesses almost all of them, while hardly any of them belong to the Marquis Curzon. Stateliness is no substitute for statesmanship, or superiority for sense. More than once delicate international negotiations have been imperilled by the blunders of this haughty aristocrat, whose dazzling failure as Viceroy of India should have been a sufficient warning of his unfitness for high diplomatic office.

In the present state of the world we can afford to run no risks of bungling at the Foreign Office. The ripe wisdom of Earl Balfour, the chief of our Elder Statesmen, is a precious safeguard, and when Lord Curzon resigns there can be no other choice. It is manifestly wrong that a man should continue to hold the rank and draw the salary of an office he is no longer fit to fill.

Make Bigamy Impossible

AT the present sessions of the Central Criminal Court there are no fewer than twenty charges of bigamy. But surely a better thing than to punish this crime would be to prevent it. Nor should this be difficult. As things stand it is the easiest matter in the world to trick the Registrar of Marriages; indeed, these officials seem to work on the principle that if they ask no questions they will be told no lies. Bigamy is dead easy. The aim of the law should be to make it difficult, if not impossible. As to method, a suggestion we put forward some years ago seems worth recalling.

During the war, under the National Registration Act, we became familiar with the use of identity cards, upon which certain essential facts in regard to each person were entered. If a variant of this plan were in use, and one of the entries answered the vital question, "Married or single?" a stubborn obstacle would be placed in the path of the bigamist. On presenting himself for marriage a man would have to produce his card or, if he had lost it, to produce other sound evidence of his eligibility as a husband. If the card bore the entry "Married" the next demand obviously would be for the production of the wife's death certificate, or a copy of the divorce decree annulling the marriage. It would in every case be the business of the Registrar to endorse the cards of the parties on the occasion of their marriage.

That such a scheme would effectually foil the bigamist can scarcely be doubted. The objections to it are that it would involve time and expense and add to the labours of the officials at Somerset House. On the other hand, bigamy, which has become alarmingly prevalent of late, involves much sorrow and heartbreaking, often bringing women especially to ruin and despair.

In our view it would be worth while to go to a great amount of trouble and a good deal of expense in order to check the spread of this crime. After all, the prevention of wrong-doing is the proper business of the State, and we believe that a workmanlike scheme on the lines we have indicated could be operated at a comparatively small cost. Then the heyday of the bigamist would be over and women safe from a peril they have good cause to dread.

Snobbery in Sport

FOOTBALL enthusiasts may be thankful that the taint of snobbery has not to any extent infected their favourite game. In cricket it is rampant, as all the world knows. The dividing line between "gentlemen" and "players" is so sharply drawn that almost every season someone trips over it, and there is an unseemly row.

It is high time that this antiquated and often meaningless distinction was abolished. The "player" who keeps a straight bat and plays a clean game is a gentleman; the "gentleman" who does not is no player. The question of the payment made to certain cricketers who cannot afford to play for fun is relatively unimportant. It is notorious that some "gentlemen" make more in expenses than the "players" do in wages.

Nor is this all. We remember the case of a certain Indian prince, now an ornament of the League of Nations, who left London without paying his debts, afterwards putting forward the shabby claim that as a reigning sovereign he was immune from process. That is just how these arbitrary distinctions are always breaking down.

It is not only on the cricket field that the anomaly exists. In racing the "gentleman rider" is too often a figure of fun with a chronic aptitude for falling upon evil times, during which, like Mr. Micawber, he is in want of a little "temporary accommodation." These distinctions of rank are entirely out of place on the turf or the green sward. Democracy is the essence of sport, as all true sportsmen know.

Risks of the Road

IT ought by this time to be evident to the Board of Trade that their regulations for the safety of public vehicles have broken down. The toll of charabanc accidents is an appalling one, and now, with a few overturned 'buses in between, we have had a big tramway smash at Stoke-on-Trent to point the lugubrious moral and adorn the tragic tale. The "Safety First" principle has clearly gone by the board; or perhaps the Board has never heard of it, which seems more likely.

In the opinion of experts most of the recent accidents might have been avoided if certain known precautions had been compulsorily observed. Many of the charabancs, for instance, are much too long and awkward in construction for the present width of the roads, and until we can find the time and money to make the highways of the country fit for large motor traffic, there should be a compulsory limitation of size. But the Board of Trade will not act except under the pressure of public opinion.

Is it not notorious that in spite of repeated catastrophes, made more terrible by the horrors of fire, they continue to allow the great railway companies to burn gas on long distance trains, to the deadly peril of their passengers? As things are at present an accident to a public vehicle, bringing death and injury in its train, is followed by a formal inquiry, but there will be no adequate protection for the travelling public until the Court which investigates a disaster of this kind has power to enforce its recommendations and compel the use of safety appliances.

If such an amendment of the law were introduced we should soon witness an enormous reduction in the number of fatal accidents. Instead, we allow our trams to run without so much as a simple contrivance for ensuring the safety of the passengers if the driver loses control. Is life held so cheap by those who have it in their power to minimise the risks of the road?

Suicide Pacts

ONCE again, a girl is to be placed on trial for murder in circumstances which, in the opinion of many, involve no real criminal guilt. It is a strange provision of the law that if two persons agree to commit suicide together and one only succeeds in the attempt, the survivor is held liable for the murder of the other.

It is possible to discern a principle underlying this rule, and yet pitiful to contemplate the plight of a poor demented creature snatched back from the edge of the grave only to find herself in the dock upon the most terrible of criminal charges.

In most cases of attempted suicide a sort of insanity is present, and a trial for murder is an awful experience for a mind temporarily unhinged. Such an ordeal may easily result in entire and permanent mental derangement. The manufacture of madmen is poor work for a civilised State.

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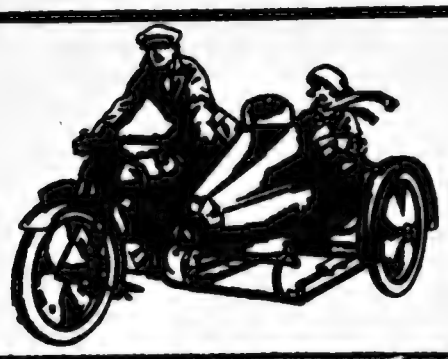

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MANICURE AND MORALS

Lures for the Inexperienced

VISITORS to London sometimes express their amazement at the large number of manicure establishments which they notice in their strolls; and are apt to conclude therefrom that the English are more than ordinarily particular with respect to the condition of their finger-nails.

This may be so. And in that case it is laudable. To keep one's nails in good condition is a sound habit. But when its legitimate gratification leads to moral and physical danger, it is time for a word of warning.

Perfectly respectable hair-dressing establishments abound, whose clients can receive the attention of manicurist and chiropodist, whether male or female, in circumstances above suspicion. But there exist highly suspicious and questionable manicure "parlours," both in the City and in the West End.

Not unlike the underground teashops to which we drew attention in a recent issue, some of these manicure concerns provide a far too easy gateway to dangerous adventures and discreditable intrigues.

With perfectly innocent intentions a young man may easily drift into one of these questionable saloons; and, human nature being as it is, he may easily discover himself entangled.

Experienced men of the world do not need to be warned against places of this kind. When they patronise them, they do so of deliberate intent. But it is a grave scandal that there should exist establishments which, if not actually recognised as houses of ill-fame, are nothing better.

Many a young man in physical misery and mental distress, can trace his troubles to an unsuspecting visit to one of these places. Being private, or semi-private, they escape the attention which the authorities should give to them, and carry on with impunity a trade for which it is difficult to find a polite name.

Powers exist for the suppression of these places; and it is a grave reflection on the officials who possess those powers that they refrain from exercising them.

We could give the fullest particulars of scores of these infamous dens; but we have no wish to provide their proprietors with gratuitous advertisement.

Instead, we call upon the authorities to exercise to the fullest the powers they have to deal with a menacing situation.

MUNITION SHOP HORRORS

Profiteers and Sweated Girl Workers

AMONG the worst features of the aftermath of war are the shameful sweating conditions under which girls are employed by profiteers who purchase munitions for breaking-up purposes.

After the horrifying disclosures which followed the terrible Tipton tragedy, it might have been hoped that precautions would be taken against any possible repetition of the scandal. Unfortunately for any such hopes, we find that there are many potential Tiptons still in existence, and any day may bring forth another appalling disaster.

We know of one firm, the manager of which is a Jew of German origin, which is displaying the most utter indifference not only to the "safety first" rules which should be rigidly enforced in the process of breaking down shells, but to the physical and moral welfare of the girls employed.

The shells are bought from the Government at astoundingly low prices, considering the high market value of the materials to be recovered.

The girls labour for from nine to twelve hours a day, often in imminent danger, in hastily constructed sheds erected by a jerry-builder. The roofs in some cases are mere canvas contraptions, which are pierced by flying fragments as the girls crouch in terror in their "safety" cubicles.

Twelve detonators at a time are placed on a steel tray, the pull of a string allows a heavy bar of iron to fall on the caps, and they explode with a deafening roar, sending splinters flying in all directions.

The effects of a day's work under these conditions are to be seen in the evening in the local public-houses. The girls gather together and endeavour to soothe their shattered nerves with alcohol. You will hear them recounting the incidents of the day—how one girl was struck on the head by a splinter, how a piece of flying steel lodged in another's neck. Their eyes gleam with hatred as they recall how, when weariness was gaining the upper hand and their energies flagged, the beast of a manager had spurred them on with foul obscenities to work harder, or else draw their pay and quit.

The girls are honest workers. Some of them walk several miles a day to their work in order that they may earn the paltry twenty or twenty-five shillings a week out of which to augment the family income.

A few weeks of this shocking toil, however, is as much as many of them are able to bear. The nervous strain proves too great, and they lapse into despair, too often drifting into the melancholy sisterhood of the streets.

Lost souls! What do they matter, so long as the profiteer is able to get rich quickly?

A POLICE COURT SHYLOCK

Straining the Quality of Mercy

AMOST unwarrantable interference with the course of justice on the part of the Clerk to the Magistrates appears to have occurred recently at the Croydon Police Court.

A man named Thomas Such was charged with loitering for the purpose of betting. He is fifty-four years of age, and a cellarman by trade, but owing largely to the prevalence of boy and girl labour he has been out of employment for over eighteen months. He is not in receipt of the dole, and has pledged everything he possessed worth pawning to keep body and soul together. Not knowing where to turn to get a shilling, he was induced to accept bets for a local bookmaker on a commission of five per cent. It was his first offence, and he pleaded his impoverished condition and declared his willingness to accept any work at thirty shillings a week. The Bench, taking everything into consideration, imposed a fine of £5 with the alternative of a month's imprisonment.

This appears heavy enough, but it was not heavy enough to suit the Clerk, Mr. S. G. Edridge, who declared that the maximum penalty of £10 had always been inflicted, and urged that it would be grossly unfair if it were not inflicted in this case. After some demur, the Bench made the fine £10.

We scarcely know which is the more strongly to be condemned—the hard-heartedness of the Clerk in insisting, Shylock-like, on the pound of flesh, or the weak attitude of the Magistrates.

To crown all, we find that only a few weeks earlier, in the same Court, a man convicted of a similar offence was let off with a fine of £2!

THE DRINK SCARE

Why Prohibition and Local Veto Increase Drunkenness

by H. WANSEY BAYLY, M.C., M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.

EVOLUTION is now universally accepted as an established law of nature, and even those who might have some difficulty in answering the question, what is evolution? when they attend a race meeting, or a show of animals, birds or flowers, quite understand that characteristics can be selected and handed on to the next generation by careful breeding.

History shows that ev ry race is resistant to deadly disease strictly in proportion to its past experience of it. Thus, consumption or malaria wipes out people who have not, by a process of selection by evolution, become resistant to it. For instance, we in Britain speak of the deadly climate of the west coast of Africa, because Britons have not, by selective evolution, become resistant to malaria; but to a native of West Africa the climate of Britain is equally deadly because he has not become accustomed to consumption. The power of resistance that a race develops is, however, soon lost if the cause for the selection is removed. Thus West-Africans who have left their malarial home to come to live in consumptive Britain would, in a few generations, lose their resistance to malaria, but those who had survived consumption in this country would have developed considerable resistance to it.

DRUNKENNESS is extremely rare amongst Jews, Greeks, Italians or Spaniards, who have had many generations of experience of alcohol in a strong form, and their death-rate is hardly influenced at all by it, although the total alcohol consumption amongst these peoples is far higher than amongst other nations. For instance, in Spain and Italy wine is cheap and the ordinary beverage of every class. On the other hand, races who have not become accustomed to strong alcohol, such as the Red Indians of North America, may be almost exterminated when these strong alcohols are introduced into their life. It is exactly the same with opium. Opium has been used for many generations amongst certain of the inhabitants of our Indian Empire (Sikhs and Rajputs), with the result that it is now practically harmless to these people and there is hardly any excessive indulgence, whereas in Burmah, where it has been comparatively recently introduced, the introduction proved disastrous.

NON-SCIENTIFIC temperance reformers, such as Lady Astor, I am sure are actuated by high motives, but are trying to promote temperance by preserving those who have a pre-disposition to alcoholic excess. To put it in other words, they are endeavouring to do good to the present individual, with the certain result that they will eventually do harm to the community.

The great error which these old-fashioned temperance reformers make is in considering that self-control is the principal factor in the causation of sobriety in a nation, whereas, on the contrary, national sobriety is arrived at by selective evolution, so that those who have a pre-disposition to alcoholic excess tend to be weeded out, whereas those who have a tendency to moderation are preserved and hand on this tendency to moderation to their children—precisely as a tendency to speed is handed on by race horses, a tendency to good milk or meat production by cattle, or a tendency to good ear production by some grains.

BY substituting artificial for natural methods for arriving at sobriety, temperance reformers of the Astor school are throwing away a certain though slow method of reaching national sobriety, for a temporary and artificial method which is bound to fail in the long run. Such temperance reformers do not realise that their efforts, which they fondly believe are in the cause of sobriety, would have if successful only one result, a terrible increase in drunkenness for future generations. Out of sight, out of mind is their motto. The only result of prohibition or local veto is to drive the heavy drinkers to secret drinking, often of impure and unwholesome forms of alcohol, in place of the open and supervised consumption of pure wholesome forms of alcohol that occurs in licensed houses.

SAINTS *and* SINNERS

Pen Portraits of Prominent People

by HESKETH PEARSON

DURING the negotiations which took place after the truce between Sinn Fein and the British Government, I made an effort to see Mr. de Valera. But at first I had to be content with Mr. Childers instead. I well remember that preliminary meeting. I was ushered upstairs with an obvious detective, dressed as a hall-porter, close at my heels. Then I waited five minutes in one of those expensively inartistic rooms so dear to English hotel proprietors. While I was admiring the neighbouring chimneys from the window, several people popped their heads in—to see whether the furniture was still in its right place, I presumed—and popped them out again. At last the door-handle rattled with that busy persistence which usually heralds a "star" either on or off the stage, and a little withered-looking man came in.

IT was hardly an imposing moment. I had pictured him as a large, bony personage with a square jaw, and here was a small, wiry, almost wizened fellow, with a rather ferrety expression. I must say he impressed me, but not at all in the way I might have expected. During the conversation which then took place, I mentioned Mr. de Valera several times by name, and each time he corrected me with: "The President, you mean?" Also he exclaimed after one of my assertions: "What is the use of arguing with an Englishman?" I naturally replied: "You should know, since you have taken the trouble to cross St. George's Channel for that purpose." To which he gently queried: "The Irish Sea, you mean?" If our interview was frigid, our farewell was positively glacial. I summed him up at the time as "a distinctly wintry individual."

ERSKINE CHILDERS

THIS does not mean that he is reserved in conversation. On the contrary, he is decidedly talkative, bubbling over with theories and speculations. But he never thaws, never comes down to earth, with the result that one never really comes to grips with him. The conversation starts, continues and finishes on an altitude where the thermometer permanently registers several points below zero. After five minutes of it I caught myself on the point of turning up my coat-collar, and only just desisted in time. This is a literal statement of fact, not a mere figure of speech. Of course, I may be quite wrong in my estimate of him. For all I know, he may cry himself to sleep every night of his life over the sufferings of Irishmen, though he first saw the light in England—a country to which his father had reason to be grateful. I can only describe the effect he had on me—which was, to put it mildly, Arctic.

THAT the man is moved by a passionate love for Ireland, I haven't the least doubt. In speaking of it he becomes almost hysterical and his whole body quivers with excitement. This is no pose. It is a real thing. But there is nothing warm even in such a deep affection as this. It is the love of a man who will sacrifice everybody and everything for an abstract ideal. Useless to quarrel with such a point of view, useless to argue with it, useless to moralise about it and say it is wrong. Like every other significant fact in the universe, it has got to be squarely faced.

In spite of his iciness, Erskine Childers is incurably romantic—and he has made the inevitable mistake of all his tribe in rejecting the proverb that half a loaf is better than no bread.

Pull Together!

by CLIVE NORTON

TO understand the other man thoroughly means putting yourself in his position. An employer is something more than a hirer of labour; he is the culmination of various factors that have combined to make him what he is. Many sincere Labour people falsely believe that their idealistic state is immediately practical, simply because they turn their back on the stepping stones of the past and are blind to the ones that can take them on into a progressive future.

This is evidenced in the ease with which Labour speakers denounce the abuses of capital without displaying a shadow of enlightenment as to its uses.

The extremists of the Labour Movement epitomise this lop-sided view. They focus their attention on the defects of an industrial machine and imagine that the only way to get it to run better is to smash it up altogether, so that a perfect machine may be constructed out of the ruins by a superfine human nature. Where that human nature is going to spring from is a mystery that has yet to be solved.

This lack of understanding reveals itself again in the idea of a class war. Society is represented as two hostile camps, Labour and Capital, whose interests are entirely and eternally opposed.

The fact is that society is a mass of interchangeable units, that dovetail into classes and share a common interdependence. There are points of contact between the richest and the poorest, and the purpose of the Labour Movement should be to increase their number and gradually improve the unity of the whole on the basis of mutual goodwill and co-operation.

This requires sympathy and understanding, and Labour would do well to approach Capital better equipped with these two qualities.

WOMEN AND WAGES

by

HAROLD OWEN

"EQUAL pay for equal work" sounds incontrovertible. On the face of it, what could be simpler and fairer than that, if a woman does the same work as a man, she should get the same wage? As an argument in the form of a battle-cry, it sounds irresistible, and to deny it may seem like denying that two and two make four.

Yet there are those who deny it. They say that even when women have the same tasks as men, they do not give the same value in work. They point to the experience of the Post Office, where women have so many more days' sickness in the year than men. They assert that nowhere can women work at the same pressure as men. And to clinch the matter, they say that nothing would settle the problem of equal pay sooner than the granting of it, for if employers *had* to pay women the same as men, the men would remain in the jobs and the women would go.

But all these objections merely nibble at the edge of the question. There is only one reason why women should not receive the same wages as men; but, if it is a good and valid reason, it covers all the others. It is simply that hitherto man has been the breadwinner, with a very definite responsibility fixed upon him not only by custom but by law; and if you change the custom you will eventually have to change the law.

Make woman man's industrial rival and equal, subject men who have to maintain wives of their own to the equal competition of other men's wives, and men will soon retort that the responsibilities for home maintenance must be "equalised" too.

In the long run there is no escape from that position. Let it be admitted that some women do have others dependent on them, and that some men have not. But these admissions of exceptional cases make no difference to a rule of life so general as that man is the breadwinner. Is that rule contrary to nature, or to the civilised and family interests? Then abolish it by the simple process of not only equal pay but equal responsibility.

But if the old arrangement of man as the responsible breadwinner is right, then equal pay cannot be maintained even if it be ordained. If it is wrong, then much else is wrong, and a Married Woman's Property Act, protecting her earnings against the husband, must be balanced by a Married Man's Property Act, protecting *his* earnings; and men must no longer be sent to prison for failing to support "equal citizens."

Nothing could be more disastrous than to relieve man of his status as breadwinner and thrust it "equally" upon the wife. I admit there *are* places where the wives do the loaf-winning whilst the husband does the loafing. But they are hardly considered the most enlightened places of the earth, for they are in Darkest Africa.

OUR SIX SEC

by A. G.

"BROADLY speaking, half-a-do of this country. They hav the printed word that you may sa from John o' Groats to Land's E and thei

LORD RO

WHO will buy the *Times*? It is something more than mere idle curiosity that asks the question. If Lord Northcliffe had left behind him a soap factory or a spinning mill or coal mines, it would not have mattered twopence to us who succeeded to the control of his property. But he left behind him the greatest factory in the world, of the most important article in the world. The most important article in the world is public opinion. The man who controls public opinion can play with our lives and property as he likes. He can set us dancing to any tune, from growing sweet peas to growing red in the face at the mention of Germans or Jews, Japs or Yankees. He is the real master of our destinies.

This power Lord Northcliffe exercised for twenty years in a measure unprecedented at any time in any country. How he exercised it is not the question here. I am one of those who hold that the influence of his powerful will and undisciplined mind upon the life of his time and upon the developments of journalism was very evil.

BUT whether you agree with this view or not, you will not deny that the succession to his throne is something that concerns you very intimately. Your work, your taxation, your wages, peace and war, whether you are conscripted to fight in a foreign country—everything depends on policy. Policy is made by public opinion. Public opinion is made by the Press. And the most powerful instrument in the Press is up for sale.

The man who buys it does not buy an ordinary property like an iron foundry or a deer forest. He buys Power. He buys Power over You. He buys the means of saturating you with his ideas, his likes and his dislikes. He buys the means of saying what you shall read and what you shall think. He buys the means of telling other countries what you think after he has taught you to think it. He buys the means of preventing you knowing what he does not wish you to know—the most dangerous power of all. One of Lord Northcliffe's maxims was—"The power of the Press is to sup-press." He exercised that power ruthlessly. Think what it means . . .

AND now that power over your lives and fortunes is going into other hands. What is the sole condition on which the transfer will be made? Is it that your new master shall be wise, public-spirited, honest, instructed? Not at all. It is that he shall have enormous wealth, so much wealth that he can afford to assume a gigantic financial burden. It is said that from first to last Lord Northcliffe spent over two millions on the *Times*. There are not many men who can afford a luxury of this dimension. Certain names have been mentioned as possible successors—Lord Rothermere, the brother of Lord Northcliffe; Sir John Ellerman, the shipping magnate who already owns a large share of the *Times*, Sir William Berry, Lord Beaverbrook and others.

I daresay they are all honourable men. But whether they are honourable men or not has nothing to do with whether any one of them becomes the owner of the *Times*. The only qualification is that he shall be rich enough to buy it and run it. If he is, he can exchange his wealth for power. He may be ignorant, he may be foolish, he may have private ends to serve, he may be the instrument of corrupt designs, he may have made his money as a profiteer of the war. These considerations do not count. By writing a cheque he can make himself the most powerful man in the country—more powerful than the King, who acts constitutionally through his Ministers; more powerful than the Premier, who can be voted down by Parliament and dismissed by the country.

One day soon you will be told that Lord Rothermere, or Sir John Ellerman, or Lord Beaverbrook, or someone else has bought the throne of the *Times* and with it the right to dictate what news you shall read and the direction in which your thought shall be canalised. He will appoint an editor who will obey his instructions and correspondents in foreign capitals who may be relied on to send the news which will give your opinions the colour he wants. You will not elect him, you will not be able to dethrone him, but you will obey him. You will be helpless against him. You will even be unconscious of his power. It will be the atmosphere you breathe.

But the question is bigger than the *Times*. It involves the whole institution of the modern Press. In becoming commercialised it has passed out of the hands of great journalists, who regarded an instructed public opinion as the foundation of a stable society, into the hands of the big business men, who regard the public as children to be amused, exploited and humbugged. Responsible journalism has well-nigh perished before the "stunt" journalism which Lord Northcliffe in-

ECRET RULERS!

G. GARDINER

a-dozen men control the public opinion have established such a monopoly of that not a household in the land, 's End, is not permeated by their news their views!"

ROTHERMERE

vented. From the victory there has emerged a centralised power over the nation which works as secretly and powerfully as the Council of Ten or the Star Chamber. Broadly speaking, half a dozen men control the public opinion of this country. They have established such a monopoly of the printed word that you may say that not a household in the land from John o' Groats to Land's End is not permeated by their news and their views.

It would take pages of this journal merely to record the names of the newspapers published, from Plymouth to Glasgow, by the Harmsworths, Lord Dalziel, Sir Edward Hulton, Sir William Berry, Lord Riddell and Lord Beaverbrook. But the multiplicity of their publication does not represent their power. They own practically every great popular paper in the country—every paper with a circulation of a million or more. They send out from London alone every week-end ten million weekly papers—roughly a paper into every household in the country. Their control of the daily Press is no less overwhelming.

I know these men and have no reason to speak disrespectfully of them. If they had got a monopoly of the brewing trade or the leather trade or the grocery trade their merits would not concern us. If they supplied good beer and good groceries that is all we should care about. But they control public opinion. They supply us with the news they please and keep from us the news they please and make us believe what they want us to believe.

And when we ask who they are who wield this enormous power over us, by what authority they exercise it, what they have done to justify confidence in their judgment, there is nothing to say, for they have done nothing. Not one of them has a name which has any significance to the public or stands for any thing except the Money Power. They are powerful only because they have applied the big business instinct to the Press. I do not blame them for applying it. I am dealing only with the public aspects of this enormous fact.

CONSIDER its bearing upon government. For eight years you have not been governed by Parliament, which you can elect and which you can change. You have been governed by mob opinion, which is manufactured by half a dozen men whom you have hardly heard of. Mr. Lloyd George's power has been the power of manipulating the Press. That was impossible before the Press had become a great commercial machine in a few hands. It is quite easy when all you have to do is to deal with half a dozen men. A word, a hint dropped in their ears, reverberates in every home in the land in the morning. It becomes the accepted gospel by evening. It is undeniable because there is no one to deny it. The labourer has read it in the *News of the World*, and the clerk has read it in the *Daily Express* or the *Daily Chronicle*, and the mill operative has read it in the *Daily Dispatch* or the *Evening Chronicle*, and so on. Millions of people have read it from what seem to be hundreds of independent sources. They cannot doubt what is such common property. They do not know that at the back of this torrent of opinion there are half a dozen men, every one of whom has taken a title from Mr. Lloyd George, and every one of whom perhaps has got his hint from one common fount.

I DO not think any journalist competent to express an opinion on the subject would say that this rough presentation of the facts is overdrawn, and I do not think anyone who considers what these facts mean will deny their menace. They undermine the whole idea of Parliamentary government and substitute the worst form of government, Mobocracy, for the best form of government that has yet been invented, Democracy. Democracy, or representative government, depends upon an instructed public opinion. When that has gone, Democracy goes, and in place of government by Parliament we shall have what, indeed, we have already got, government by a few great Press magnates working hand-in-glove with the politicians who know best how to get and keep their support.

AN awakened public can alone break the power that controls them. They must distrust the great commercialised Press that has enslaved them. They must look to other sources for their information and their guidance. They must make the dissemination of false news and the suppression of true news a punishable offence, like any other form of adulteration. They must encourage newspapers which are known to be outside the great Press Gang. In a word, they must take as much interest in this vast subject as they take in the cricket averages, and by discussing it create a public opinion upon it. Out of that public opinion the remedy will emerge.

I SAY, "FLOG THE BRUTES!"

by THE REV. B. G. BOURCHIER

FOR sheer, downright, sloppy sentimentality commend me to some of the letters that have quite recently been appearing in the correspondence column of the *Daily News*, directed against my callous self, under the title "Brutality for Brutality"—which label is a libel. I have never at any time advocated Brutality in any form, but I have, following the consistent and fearless example of JOHN BULL, emphatically demanded—Justice.

Why is it that law is invariably far more concerned about property than about person? A starving man steals a few potatoes to feed himself and his hungry children. His sentence is three or even six months; whilst but a few days ago a woman seared the body of her stepson with a red-hot poker, and was fined £5. Verily it would seem that flesh and blood in the eyes of the law are of less value than turnips.

Whilst it would seem possible for a dirty scoundrel to buy the privilege of debauching little innocent children, yet quite recently an honest fellow of my acquaintance was sent to prison for fourteen days, without the option, for the heinous offence of asking an alms of a passer-by, being short of a few coppers for his supper and night's lodging. But if children are cheap, animals are cheaper. The question of cheap cruelty is a scandal, the average penalty a travesty of all justice.

The present leniency is an outrage. Thank God for the women who are coming on to the Bench! Nowhere as in cases of cruelty—perhaps the "unpardonable" sin of the Scriptures—is it so essential that the punishment should fit the crime. The value of corporal punishment, *as the most effective deterrent ever invented*, cannot be overestimated. Cruelty and cowardice are inseparably allied. Flog the brutes!

Some natures can understand no other appeal. The animal in them is so strong that the brute element can be driven out only by fear. Strike fear into the hard hearts of the cruel, and a new era for the animals, which to-day groan and travail in pain, will begin. Oh! for another Mr. Justice Hawkins who, to his abiding credit, discovered the value of the "cat." Read what happened in 1862, when the garotter was the nightmare of London.

Personally, I would pay the law expenses of anyone who, witnessing an act of beastly cruelty, would there and then give the coward the thrashing of his life.

Surely there is such a thing as "righteous indignation"—namely, a wrath which can only be felt in an intensely-loving nature. There are ebullitions of wrath which are born only of tenderness.

And because I love the animal and believe that a beneficent Creator has trusted man to protect as well as use it, therefore it is that I "see red" and want to "get at" every blackguard who betrays that trust. Modern justice is *not* just. *Fiat Justitia!* Flog the brutes!

BOGUS JEWEL ROBBERIES

How Impecunious Aristocrats turn a Dishonest Penny

[The following description of the latest "dodge" for swindling Insurance Companies is given on the authority of the head of one of the biggest companies affected and we are satisfied that the account is true in substance and in fact.]

HARDLY a day passes without the report of another daring jewel robbery at the house of this or that aristocratic lady, and the public gain the impression that thieves must be unusually daring or enterprising or the police the reverse. At first insurance companies were disposed to take the popular view and pay out with as much cheerfulness as they could command, murmuring meantime against the laxity of the police.

Facts soon came to their knowledge, however, that satisfied them that in many cases the much-pitied victim was the real culprit, and now the companies have been obliged to set up special machinery for investigating claims. After a few weeks' experience of this investigation the companies have been forced to the conclusion that only too many of these claims are bogus, though some of the bogus claimants are men and women who hold their head high in Society and would not be suspected for a moment by their friends.

In one case of the kind the victim was a lady of title who has been associated with much philanthropic work and is reputedly the soul of honesty. A few months ago she insured through a leading company her jewels for the sum of fifty thousand pounds. Some weeks later a report reached the Head Office that they had disappeared mysteriously from a French train, and as there was no reason to suspect the genuineness of the claim the company paid out.

Just by accident they learned that the same lady had been paid on a policy issued by a French insurance firm in respect of the same loss, though she had assured the English company that she had no other claim to prefer. This aroused suspicion and inquiries that soon established the fact that the "stolen" jewels had been deposited with an obscure Italian bank against a loan raised by the lady herself in another name. Friends intervened and paid back the amounts of insurance, and there the matter rests for the time being.

Another well authenticated case is that of a lady of very good family who has had more than half a dozen mysterious "robberies" in the last two years, and in each instance the police were completely baffled. In the last case the jewels were supposed to have been abstracted from the cases, which were afterwards found empty on the railway line near Dieppe. The insurance company would have paid out in this case but for the merest coincidence. One of their staff travelling to Paris to inquire into another case had recognised the lady as a client, and had seen her fling something from the corridor window near the spot where the jewel cases were afterwards found.

He thought no more of the incident until he happened to learn that a new claim had been preferred for the loss of jewellery, and when confronted with his story of the train incident the lady admitted that she had removed the jewellery from the cases, placed it with the ordinary luggage, and had thrown the cases away to support the robbery theory.

This time, also, the company had to be content with the return of the previous payment, but the astute lady must have drawn many thousands of pounds from insurance companies by this trick. Some of the robberies are genuine enough, in that they are actually carried through by real cracksmen, but the latter are simply hired by the dishonest owner, who buys his or her property back from the robber at a nominal price.

Sometimes the biter is badly bitten. Not long ago one of these tricksters arranged a sham robbery at her house with the aid of an accomplished cracksman who specialised in that type of offence. All went well until the time came for the return of the stolen property, which the crook had undertaken to restore for a sum that was trifling in comparison with the amount of insurance. To the lady's dismay, he demanded a much higher sum, and when this was refused threatened to take the jewels to the police and tell the whole story of the theft. Needless to say she paid up, and in doing so found herself only benefiting by less than a hundred pounds, instead of the ten thousand she had expected.

Apart from the needy aristocrats and persons who have fallen on evil days there are, of course, professional crooks who work this bogus robbery ramp on the insurance companies. They are harder to detect than the amateurs, for they lay their plans carefully and the robberies have all the appearance of being genuine until one stumbles on the fact that the robber and the robbed have been seen together under circumstances that leave no doubt that the whole affair is a plant. The evil is now so great that the companies have been forced to organise to fight it, and when the first case of the kind comes into court the public may look out for a first-class sensation.

A FINE REWARD!

Cost of Helping Police

WE have always understood it to be the duty of the public to go to the assistance of any policeman who may find himself in difficulties; but if people of good repute receive no more encouragement in that duty than fell to the lot of a worthy South London citizen recently, we fear many will be reluctant to offer their help when it is needed.

Mr. J. W. Hammond is the licensee of the "White Hart," New Cross Gate. Like many other licence-holders, he never takes any intoxicants himself. For many years he has interested himself in municipal affairs, and has held almost every public office in the Borough of Southwark.

One evening a disturbance occurred outside his premises, and his attention was called to the fact that a policeman was being roughly handled by a hostile crowd in endeavouring to effect an arrest. He went out, and was pushing his way to the constable's assistance, when he felt a hand in his pocket. He turned and saw a man whom he firmly believed to be the pickpocket aiming a blow at him. He promptly struck back, which is about the only thing he could do in the circumstances.

As a result he was summoned for assault, told he had no right to take the law into his own hands, and fined £2 and £2 2s. costs.

How very encouraging!

LIFEBOATS AS DEATHTRAPS

The Duty of the Board of Trade

THE Report of the Court of Inquiry into the loss of the *Egypt* is not at all pleasant reading for the P. & O. Company Directors and their officers, or for the Board of Trade officials, but it justifies to the hilt our oft-reiterated contention that the lifeboat regulations made by the Advisory Committee of the Board of Trade after the *Titanic* disaster were useless and altogether inadequate.

This is not the first time the P. & O. Company has been sadly at fault in this respect. When the *Oceana* sank after collision off Beachy Head ten years ago, the first boat lowered capsized through the lowering gear being out of order, with the result that eighteen people were drowned, whilst the second boat leaked so badly that the occupants were sitting up to their knees in water and had to bail it out with their boots, and the third—the emergency boat—was in such a state that it was impossible to use it at all, even for picking up the drowning people.

For ten years this matter of life and death has been treated with complete indifference by shipowners and the Board of Trade alike.

It is of no use whatever—indeed, it is worse than useless, for it creates a false sense of security—to crowd a ship's boat deck with lifeboats and rafts not one half of which could be got over the side in case of accident owing to the inefficient nature of the lowering gear.

Take the case of the *Aquitania* at the present moment. She has eighty-four lifeboats and rafts, with thirteen sets of lowering davits on each side. If she met with an accident, *and kept an even keel*, twenty-six boats is the utmost that could be got out, for the lowering falls, once down, could rarely if ever be got up again to deal with a second boat. But in nearly every case of collision the ship takes a heavy list, and with the present style of davit the boats on one side cannot possibly be lowered, and might as well be on the moon for all the use that can be made of them.

The Board of Trade are fully alive to this, and are well aware that to obviate this defect a davit gear has been specially designed which enables boats to be lowered on both sides of a vessel *with a list of fifteen degrees*, but they make no effort to ensure its adoption on all ocean-going passenger ships.

The Board of Trade, as the ultimate authority in the matter, is clearly guilty of the gravest negligence.

Must we wait for another maritime disaster of *Titanic* proportions before they rouse themselves to their duty? These Inquiries might just as well not be held at all if the lessons to be learned from them are quietly ignored.

SERVANT SLAVES

Drudgery that Dismays

THE so-called "servant problem" is one of the most difficult the average middle-class housewife has to wrestle with. And wherever two or three are gathered together, the subject of their conversation is bound, sooner or later, to be either the difficulty of obtaining maids or their wickedness and incompetence.

It is a self-evident fact that girls are daily becoming more shy of domestic service; and, considering the character of some of their "places," this is not surprising.

Many mistresses permit themselves to remain under the delusion that the servant shortage is a consequence of the war. Harsh and inconsiderate treatment on the part of a certain type of employer is a more likely cause.

Here, for example, is the daily round of a house-parlour maid in a private family:

Down by 6.30 a.m. Attend to drawing-room and stairs. Carry hot water to bedrooms. From 7.30 to 9.0 laying and serving sundry breakfasts. Make beds, etc., and clean bathroom. Prepare for lunch at 1.0 p.m. Dressed in black by 3.0. Teas at 4.0. Dinners from 7.30 to 9.0. Wash up. Carry hot water to bedrooms at 10.0 p.m.—and the rest of the day is her own.

Fourteen hours per day!

So long as such situations exist, servants will be scarce.

Printers' Pie . . .

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"ACTON GAZETTE" (advertisement):—"Our FISH SUPPERS are UNAPPROACHABLE."

"HORSE AND HOUND" (advertisement):—"Mr. ——— can thoroughly recommend ———, AGED 16½ YEARS, as a Kennel-Huntsman. . . . LIFELONG EXPERIENCE of hounds and kennel management."

"UNION JACK LIBRARY":—"Blake lighted a CIGARETTE and, dragging a long chair . . . out on the veranda, he lighted a CIGAR and lay back looking out into the moon-splashed compound."

"THE TIMES":—"A dead heat; A LENGTH AND A HALF SEPARATED THE DEAD HEATERS."

"IDEAS":—"She recovered with a WHITE SMILE."

"EVENING NEWS":—"She is described as of FRESH COMPLEXION, with black hair, brown eyes, BROWN FACE."

"MANCHESTER EVENING CHRONICLE":—"——— appeared on a charge of INSTRUCTING a tramcar."

"DAILY RECORD AND MAIL":—"The dead man is ———, a powerfully-built MAN OF 43. ——— was ABOUT 30."

"DAILY CHRONICLE":—"He equalised with a HIGH GROUND SHOT."

"NORTH STAR":—"A hat . . . edged with fine lace, making an admirable background to the FACE OF JADE VELVET AND SILK FLORAL TRIMMING."

Impertinent Interviews

by HARRISON OWEN

THE Impertinent Interviewer had secured a letter signed "H. Shaw," sent to a well-known gentleman, suggesting an interview to discuss "A social matter of a very confidential nature." A trained bloodhound having been allowed to sniff the letter, Bertie was able to run to earth "the Mysterious Mr. Shaw."

"Mr. Harry Shaw, I believe?" remarked the Interviewer, entering the unofficial "Titles Office."

"I cannot answer without consulting my solicitor."

"Your answer, sir," Bertie told him, "is sufficiently characteristic to convince me that you *are* Mr. Shaw; telegraphic address, 'Doorway, Knights, London.' Very appropriate, if I may say so. The 'Doorway,' I understand, leads direct to the House of Lords, and the word 'Knights' does not exclude baronets?"

"Aren't you taking a great deal for granted, young man?"

"I am merely taking it for granted that in hawking titles about the country you are acting upon behalf of someone, and I would like to know whom?"

"Well, I can assure you I'm not a man of straw," announced Mr. Shaw. "I own property here and in the country, and I breed pedigree pigs. Also, I'm well-known to leading members of the Coalition."

"I've already been to Downing Street," the interviewer told him, "and they assure me they've never heard of you."

"They said that, did they? Well, that takes the cake! Why, only the other day——" Mr. Shaw pulled himself up suddenly.

"You were going to say——?" suggested Bertie.

But the Mysterious Mr. Shaw was himself again. "Anything I may have to say," he announced, "will be said before the Royal Commission on Honours."

"Yes, but the Commission is merely going to deal with the future and leave the past alone. We want to know something about those Party political hospitals where, in return for a suitably large contribution to the alms-box, a damaged reputation is repaired, and its owner provided with a bright new coronet and an aristocratic alias."

"Well, where do I come in?" asked Mr. Shaw.

"That, my jolly old pig fancier, is precisely what we all want to know. There's an impression that you're a sort of Duke of Plaza-Toro, who, you may remember, got 'Small titles and orders for Mayors and Recorders . . . and

second-rate aldermen knighted.' Nowadays, it is rumoured, wealthy invalids, suffering from spots on the character and a general lowering of tone, have only to pull for the Shaw, and you'll arrange to have them changed from 'Guys' into 'Barts,' so to speak."

"Evidently you mistake me for the Golden Shaw, of which we used to learn at Sunday school," remarked the other genially. "However, I can tell you nothing. My memory, like Downing Street's, is not as good as it once was. In fact, I'm almost forgetting an important business appointment, so I must ask you to excuse me."

"By all means," said Bertie. "Which business are you attending to to-day—pedigree pigs or non-pedigree peers?"

DO YOU WANT THIS MAN?

A Chance for the Charitable

HUMANIST writes: I want help for this man. He is an educated man, a world traveller, and I am certain would give satisfaction in some sedentary job that allowed him to sit down to work. I want some of my readers to help me place him. At present he is in Glasgow. Says he:

"I am 31 years old, married, have two children, am unemployed, crippled, and 'broke.' In March last I lost my job in ——Munition Factory, after being there over 4 years, the factory closing.

"I might here mention that my right leg is amputated below the knee, and I get about on an artificial leg.

"Finding it impossible to get work, I applied for and received a Pedlar's Certificate from the — City Police, and tried to make a living selling small articles of household utility from door to door. My injured limb promptly rebelled, and after persevering a few days I was incapacitated for a couple of weeks. The amputation of my foot—about six inches below the knee—was not, I am sorry to say, as skilfully performed as it might have been, and the 'stump' has been a continual source of trouble to me since I commenced wearing an artificial limb. Indeed, so painful a business has walking become that I dread the coming of the daylight and the torture that walking inevitably entails.

"At the present moment I am situated thus: my wife and children are staying with my wife's mother, and towards their support I am unable to contribute more than 10s. per week from my Labour Exchange benefit of 22s. I am unemployed, and likely to continue so, for the following reasons:

(1) I have no particular qualifications that would command preferential or favourable treatment as a business asset during a period of trade depression and widespread unemployment; (2) my physical handicap renders me unsuitable to the majority of employers (and this would hold good even in normal times), because of the conditions respecting workmen laid down by the insurance companies accepting risks under the Workmen's Compensation Act; (3) my disability constitutes a prohibitive bar to employment so long as able-bodied labour is available.

"I can no longer stay where I am, and I cannot go to my mother-in-law. Neither can I bring my wife and children to Glasgow, as I would be unable to support them on 22s. per week in lodgings, even were I fortunate enough to obtain accommodation. In the meantime they are living upon the charity of my wife's parents, who cannot afford to continue having them much longer. If I brought them to Glasgow, their condition would be much worse in the event of my Labour Exchange benefit becoming exhausted, which is liable to happen at any time.

"After this week I must take other lodgings—for domestic reasons—which means that, after sending my wife 10s. and paying 10s. or thereabouts for a room or share of a room, I shall have 2s. left per week to cover all personal expenses, including food. I thank whatever powers there be that I have no particular craving for alcohol or tobacco! The crowning horror of the whole thing is that, if I could walk any distance, there are two or three jobs open to me as a traveller—on commission. During my 4 years at —— I fortunately had a job which required no pedestrian effort of me whatever, and I did not fully realise until I had to tackle walking long distances that I was unable to do so.

"Suicide is no way out of my difficulties. You may rest assured that I have a sufficient sense of the sacredness of my responsibilities not to play the fool with lethal weapons, poison or deep water. My worries are entirely on account of those dependent upon me, and so long as I remain sane I shall do my utmost to provide, or attempt to provide, for them, to the best of my ability. I may say that I am grievously apprehensive regarding that same sanity just at present. My nerves are in a horrible state, due to unavoidable worry, of course, and also insomnia. The latter is a very real terror.

"The physical, industrial and social blockade is complete, and I am walled in with my responsibilities and disabilities. Though by no means utterly despondent, excepting during recurring periods of the blackest depression, I find the future very dark and menacing to a degree. I have neither the inclination nor the ability to indulge in crime, and would much prefer sudden extinction to branding my children that way.

"So, dear Humanist, whether your light can illumine the path for me I know not, but facing almost certain starvation, practically unable to get about, and wearied with worry and lack of sleep, I turn from the grisly alternative of the long, long sleep, to you, the Last Resort of poor damned souls.

". . . After all, the sun may shine again."

In such cases our "Greatest of These" Fund affords temporary relief, but there is more to be done.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE——"

(Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.)

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

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[All Monies received are devoted to the Fund. No Working Expenses deducted.

The St. Leger

THERE seems to be an idea abroad that the St. Leger is the classic which is most frequently won by a bad horse. That is a strange delusion. I do not think that Caligula or Polemarch were much, but the majority of winners have not only been the best of their year, but have established their mark by the exploits of their progeny.

Thin Class.

I admit that to-day's field has the appearance of being just a little bit thin in point of class—but, for the matter of that, this has been a poor year. Of those left in and likely to be found in the field, one may mention—

CORCYRIAN, who looks to be held safe by Prestongrange, who is a stone better horse on the Sandown running, and moreover, through Brinklow, is himself held safe by

FRED POWER: This horse is a proved stayer. At the beginning of the year he was something more than a stone behind Captain Cuttle. He stays for ever—a remark which applies to

BACKWOOD, whose second to Flint Jack at 19 lbs. was a very meritorious performance. On the running at Haylock Park, Backwood seems to be held by

IRISH BELFRY, who on that form is a 5 lbs. better horse. Against this, however, is the fact that Backwood is a natural stayer, and the farther he goes the better he likes it.

DILIGENCE, who has been written up as a possible winner, I cannot see. She beat Caleb a neck at an advantage of 8 lbs., and finished a long way down the field in the Derby. She has won a trial, but the only trials that interest me are those which are run on a racecourse.

The Time Test.

It is interesting to note the time taken over 1¼ miles at Ascot by three candidates, one of whom (Welsh Spear) has been scratched.

Fred Power (7.10)	..	2.29–4/5
Backwood (8.10)	..	2.32–3/5
Welsh Spear (8.0)	..	2.30–2/5

Strictly on the book, and conveniently forgetting one pretty poor performance

FRED POWER

seems to be the pea. I take BACKWOOD as my saver.

The Sporting Tyke.

I like Doncaster because I like Yorkshire and Yorkshiremen. And it is a great joy to go racing in a country that takes racing as seriously as they. I do not think that even Epsom Downs can give points to the town moor on a Leger day. The Doncaster crowd is as distinctive as the Goodwood crowd, and is worth going a long way to see. And hear.

Lady "Sportsmen."

What I like about the back-end campaign is that we lose the attendance of the "Oh, look at the dear darling horses!" women who go racing for the sake of the fresh air. They cumber the paddock and litter the lawn in June, July and August. They hold up the bookmaker you are trying to get a hundred on with, whilst they are backing their 5s. each way fancies, and their views on running . . .

"Oh, look!" shouted one at Lingfield. "Pretty Dick is winning!"

"That isn't Pretty Dick, madam," I said politely. "That is Piræus."

She turned on me with a look of scorn.

"Don't you think I know my own horse?" she snapped.

Later I heard her cursing me to a friend for having distracted her attention from the race. She rather suggested that if I hadn't made her look round, Pretty Dick would have won. But Pretty Dick wasn't . . . (I nearly said something I should not have said).

The Duke.

The Ekud of Retsnimtsew—I beg his Grace's pardon, but he has got me in the habit of thinking of him backwards—the Duke of Westminster is doing remarkably well with a small stud of horses. It is a pity he doesn't race on an even larger scale. He is a very good sportsman and a real good fellow, but I do wish he'd cut out those Atirovnf and Erehwemos stunts of his, and name his horses from the head downwards.

Dumas' Win.

Once more "the judgment of the judge" has been called into question. This time it is Judge Robinson, whose decision in the Friary Nursery was queried by the crowd. I can only say that it is very difficultindeed for anybody but the judge to tell the exact winner of a race in a tight finish, but it is nevertheless a well-known fact that the horse which finishes under the judge's nose gets the benefit of the misdoubt.

Until the judge's boxes are sanely placed there will always be a doubt in people's minds as to whether he was at fault. Personally I have every faith in Judge Robinson, but—We want the raised box and the wire, and then there can be no mistakes whatever.

Tishy.

The reader will observe that I have given Tishy to win the Rufford Abbey Handicap. I am of opinion that despite the flights of the cartoonist's fancy this filly is a real good one. As I said before, her form in last year's Cesarewitch, was much too bad to be accounted for by the conventional excuse of "jadiness," "over training," etc. When the filly came into sight she was a quarter of a mile behind. She would not have beaten a cart horse on that day.

Horses That May.

SUNRISING is accounted by many as the winner of the Friary Nursery. This one is certain to win a race of this character before the end of the season.

TORNAVEEN was one of the unluckiest horses that ran at Derby. This is a certain money-maker.

Don't Listen.

There used to be a man who went racing with his ears stuffed with cotton. People pitied him for years until they discovered that he put the wool there so that he shouldn't hear the tips people gave him! On the race course you hear ten stumers to every winner.

Football.

Watch our football tips, they are chosen by one of the best judges of the game in Fleet Street.

Our Tipsters.

Lest my remarks on advertising tipsters be misunderstood, I feel that it is right to say that those responsible for the advertisements which appear on this page exercise the greatest caution, and although, obviously, JOHN BULL'S guarantee does not apply to such unsubstantial wares as Turf prophecies, yet every care is taken that only reputable advertisers are admitted.

SPORTS and

The Weights.

The weights for the big back-end handicaps are out and, as I expected, Tishy is on the 7-stone mark. Strictly speaking, on the Summer Handicap form she has 4 lb. the worst of it with Double Hackle, but, as I suggested, the handicapper was certain to "chuck 6 lb. at her." He has been content to give her 4 lb. for luck, and four pounds one way or the other is not going to make much difference.

Varzy.

A queer piece of handicapping is that of Varzy. In the Royal Hunt Cup he gave 2 lb. to Stratford and a short head beating. Here he meets Stratford on 15 lb. better terms! The weight for age scale allows of an 8 lb. improvement in a three-year-old between June and October. Even so, Varzy has 7 lb. the best of it. With Tetrabbazia, whom he beat into fourth place, he has an 18lb. pull.

ROWLEY MILE STONES.

Oh, those horses that finish under the rails!

• • •

The wise jockey letteth the judge see him.

• • •

I still object to the tirade against the course tipster. He makes much less noise than Tattersall's Ring.

• • •

I have an idea that Earl will have a winner at Doncaster.

• • •

Doncaster is the heaviest betting meeting of the year.

• • •

Look out for some hot jobs at the Butterscotch meeting.

• • •

I have an idea that the boys will be very subdued after the end of this month.

• • •

Keep off Happy Man.

• • •

My estimate of Tishy's weight for the Cesarewitch is 7-2.

• • •

As I said in JOHN BULL weeks ago, there are to be drastic changes at the King's stud.

• • •

"Vilna is a stone certainty for the Cesarewitch if she does not go amiss. Unfortunately she is prone to that weakness." Thus a correspondent who is not usually enthusiastic.

ANSWERS.

T.—It is absurd to take a million to one double for the C. and C. Handicaps. Do you imagine you would be paid?

L. Q.—I still say Tishy and Tetrabbazia.

W.—I have heard of the system. It does not impress me.

YORK.—I cannot recommend the bookmaker.

T. H.—Feathers, of Brighton, takes place doubles.

Z.—There never was a race meeting at Putney. Are you thinking of the Boat Race?

THE WEEK'S

[The horses in parentheses after the black letter selection are, in their order, alternative tips if the principal selection is absent.]

DONCASTER (WEDNESDAY)—CLEVELAND THREE Y.O. H'CAP: **Mayfair** (Dragoon; Austin Friars). ST. LEGER STAKES: **Fred Power** (Silurian; Irish Belfry). BRADGATE PARK NURSERY: **Schoolgate** (Moscari; Zareba). TATTERSALLS SALES STAKES: **Imperial** (Parth; Aquamint). RUFFORD ABBEY HANDICAP: **Tishy**** (Lady Diana; Flint Jack).

DONCASTER (THURSDAY).—ROBS PLATE: **Drake** (Jeddart; Moro). PORTLAND H'CAP. STAKES: **Tetrameter** (Service Kit; Night Patrol). ALEXANDRA HANDICAP: **Crevasse** (Mr. Rothschild's Sel; Sorrel). PRINCESS MARY STAKES: **Sunrising** (Tetragon; Osaka). WHARNCLIFFE H'CAP.: **Mayfair**** (Gallio;

Established 25 Years.

MESSRS.

WHITE, FISHER & CO.,

144Y, West Regent Street, GLASGOW.

FOOTBALL

(Cred't only)

NOTHING BARRED

Six Leagues to select from

WRITE FOR COUPONS

RACING

AS USUAL.

Sungard won 100/9

Piccolisko lost, Hidden Gun won 100/8, Town Guard won 1/2, Cold Steel lost, and Lowood won 5/2, every horse given by the Lancastrian System last week. Long priced winners indicated weekly. Horses found in a minute. No intricate calculations. No favourites, etc. Average weekly profits during the last 25 years, 10 points. Not a losing week this year. Level stakes. 10 points capital only. About one horse a day. 360 points clear profit this season. Bets made out overnight. Full explanation of this proved winner-finder sent on receipt of 5s. and stamped addressed envelope. No further charge. If there are less than three winners next week out of six horses indicated, I guarantee to refund your remittance.

FRED. LANCASTER (Dept. 33)

THE ORCHARD, HAMPTON HILL.

AN AMAZING TRIUMPH

OF

"THE JOCKEY" PRIVATE CIRCLE CLUB!!

WONDERFUL INFORMATION!!!

DESERT ROSE won 4-1.

This is what we wrote to many hundreds of Subscribers, and letters were posted on Thursday morning. Now we can advise you of a horse that has never RUN BEFORE THIS YEAR, and all connected are confident. It has been tried a RACING CERTAINTY, and we want you to be well on. THE S.P. WILL BE ABOUT 4-1, because we calculate several Professional Backers will be well on. Take our advice and Back it each way. ACT CONFIDENTLY. No Mistake has been made. Back DESERT ROSE in the FLIXTON MAIDEN PLATE on FRIDAY. Result WON IN A CANTER BY TWO LENGTHS! STARTING PRICE 4-1 AGAIN!!!!

The above is a specimen of the information sent out by "THE JOCKEY" PRIVATE CIRCLE CLUB. A few recent Winners: KATH, LADIES LACE, GENTLEMAN, GALLY STRICKLAND, EXPRESS DELIVERY, GEORGE DRAKE, CLOCHARDY, THOUGHTLESS ROSE, FLINT JACK, HOPEFUL BACHELOR, and EAST TOR. All these Twelve brilliant WINNERS during the Last Eight Weeks. The above Splendid WINNERS were conveyed to the Members of "THE JOCKEY" PRIVATE CIRCLE CLUB by Sealed Private Letter only.

PROOF THIS PAPER
PROOF THIS PAPER
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and Members who have received them.

For the benefit of our readers, we repeat the Terms and Conditions. So many readers of 'THE JOCKEY' have repeatedly urged us to start a PRIVATE OCCASIONAL LETTER SERVICE, quite distinct and apart from our ordinary overnight letters and Special Wire Services, that we have formulated the following plan, which we consider well worth studying, especially by the large number of Sportsmen WHO CAN ONLY DEAL WITH PRIVATE LETTER ADVICE.

Therefore we are prepared to place good Sportsmen on a Register we will call "THE JOCKEY" PRIVATE CIRCLE CLUB REGISTER, on the following extraordinary terms: Each reader of this paper on joining THE CIRCLE pays a Subscription of FOUR SHILLINGS ONLY, WHICH WILL COVER A MONTH'S PRIVATE OCCASIONAL LETTERS, providing each Member returns 'THE JOCKEY' CIRCLE the Odds to £1- over Every Winner advised as soon as convenient after result and price are known. When the Certainty News arrives 'THE JOCKEY' will send out a Private Letter to all Clients on THE CIRCLE REGISTER to reach them a day before, certainly not later than the morning of the race, with fullest particulars.

WILL YOU JOIN THIS GOOD THING?

A Membership Card will be sent in acknowledgment to every reader sending £1 P.O. and Guaranteeing the Odds to £1- over Every Winner advised. Shall be glad to hear from you at your earliest, as the next S.P. job may come to hand at any moment

All Letters to be addressed to:—
THE MANAGER, "THE JOCKEY," 94, CHANCERY LANE, LONDON W.C.2

The Registration of either wife or husband——

SPORTSMEN

By ROWLEY MILE

THE BALL GAME

When Jock Finishes.

WHEN Jock Rutherford takes off his jersey for the last time—and this *must* come one day—his youngest brother will be commencing a career which should not be any less remarkable. "Sep" is his name, and Jock says his friends up North tell him Rutherford the younger is better than was Rutherford the senior at the same age. Incidentally, Jock has a son who knows how to kick a football.

Baker as England's Goalkeeper.

I see Howard Baker has been suggested by a London daily as England's goalkeeper this season. I question whether he will ever be considered. Baker is capable enough, but too "flashy" for the F.A. selectors. They prefer the safe sort—the chief reason why Sam Hardy kept the job for so many years.

Give Lindsay a Trial.

It's a pity the 'Spurs cannot find a regular place in their first team for Lindsay. I have always liked the style of this clever inside forward, who would be jumped at by many a first division side. A lot of the 'Spur supporters want to see Lindsay given an extended trial at centre-forward, even if nobody else holds the Tottenham forwards together so well as Jimmy Cantrell.

A Promising Wing Forward.

The most promising wing forward I have seen for a season or two is Watkinson, of Blackpool. If this youth—he looks no more than 18—does not develop into a class player, I am no judge of a footballer. His only fault is a tendency to centre too hurriedly, but this will disappear with experience.

Fast and Fit.

During the summer one or two of the Clapton Orient team did well on the track at athletic meetings, and there is no doubt that the Orient are as fast and fit a team as any playing. But there is too much attention paid at Homerton to physique and fitness, and too little towards a better standard of football.

A Born Player.

Voysey, who is at present deputising for Alec Graham at centre-half in the Arsenal team, is a born and not a made player. Voysey uses his feet by sheer instinct, and his ball control is as dainty as that of such artists as Bob Kelly and Walker of the Villa. Voysey, the Arsenal skipper tells me, can play anywhere, so when Graham is fit, a place somewhere else must be found for him, otherwise the Highbury crowd will have something to say.

They Will Miss Barson.

Aston Villa's supporters are indignant that Frank Barson was allowed to go to Manchester United at a fee of about £5,000. That Barson is for the moment being missed is obvious, but no man is indispensable—at Aston less than anywhere else. Three seasons ago the Villa in a couple of months built up a team good enough to win the Cup, and they will soon evolve another. There are more born footballers in the Black Country than anywhere, and the Villa directors will find a few more of them sooner or later.

Fulham's Cockneys.

Fulham have more "cockneys" on their books than most of the London clubs, and naturally are proud of it. Some clubs don't look sufficiently round their own doorstep, otherwise such players as Richardson of Plymouth Argyle, Warner of Manchester City, and Blackburn of Aston Villa would not have gone to the provinces. If the latter does not get his cap this season he ought to—that is, unless Grimsdell shows he has kept his form.

FORECASTS FOR SEPTEMBER 16

[Probable winners in black type. When not indicated, a drawn game is forecasted. Home teams are given first.]

THE LEAGUE, Div. I.

Arsenal	v. Cardiff City.
West Bromwich A.	v. Aston Villa.
Birmingham	v. Manchester City.
Blackburn Rovers	v. Everton.
Sunderland	v. Bolton Wanderers.
Burnley	v. **Tottenham Hotspur.**
Middlesbrough	v. Chelsea.
Liverpool	v. Preston North End.
Huddersfield Town	v. Stoke.
Sheffield United	v. Newcastle United.
Notts Forest	v. Oldham Athletic.

THE LEAGUE, Div. II.

Bradford City	v. **Blackpool.**
Bury	v. **South Shields.**
Derby County	v. Wednesday.
Fulham	v. Crystal Palace.
Hull City	v. **Notts County.**
Leicester City	v. Clapton Orient.
Manchester United	v. Wolverhampton W.
Port Vale	v. Coventry City.
Rotherham C.	v. **West Ham.**
Southampton	v. Barnsley.
Stockport C.	v. **Leeds United.**

THE LEAGUE, Div. III. (Southern Section).

Brentford	v. Norwich C.
Brighton	v. Luton.
Bristol Rovers	v. Reading.
Charlton Athletic	v. Exeter.
Gillingham	v. Queen's Park R.
Merthyr Town	v. **Plymouth Argyle.**
Newport C.	v. **Bristol City.**
Portsmouth	v. Aberdare.
Southend	v. Swansea.
Swindon	v. Millwall.
Watford	v. Northampton.

THE LEAGUE, Div. III. (Northern Section).

Accrington	v. Tranmere.
Ashington	v. Darlington.
Chesterfield	v. Walsall.
Crewe A.	v. Wigan.
Grimsby	v. Durham.
Halifax	v. Bradford.
Rochdale	v. Lincoln.
Southport	v. Hartlepool.
Stalybridge	v. Nelson.
Wrexham	v. Barrow.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

Albion Rovers	v. Falkirk.
Alloa	v. Motherwell.
Ayr United	v. Hearts.
Dundee	v. Partick Thistle.
Hamilton A.	v. **Kilmarnock.**
Hibernians	v. St. Mirren.
Morton	v. Aberdeen.
Raith Rovers	v. **Airdrieonians.**

SELECTIONS.

Sun Cure). SCARBORO' STAKES: **Soubriquet** (Lethersden Marble; Mysia).

DONCASTER (FRIDAY). — PARKHILL STAKES: **Selene** (Rackle; Bergamotte). TOWN MOOR H'CAP.: **Pictura**** (Invergarry; Radiant River). DONCASTER CUP: **Air Balloon** (Captain Fracasse; Flamboyant) PRINCE OF WALES NURSERY: **Danes Voe** (Glenrinnes; Twelve Pointer). DONCASTER STAKES: **Bucks Hussar** (Rhuidhaonach; Hidden Gun).

ALEXANDRA PARK (SATURDAY).—SEPTEMBER H'CAP.: **Lord of Burghley** (Bart Snowball; Stavropol). HAMPSTEAD NURSERY: **Vic's Choice** (Wagtail; Chapeau). FINSBURY H'CAP.: **Sargon** (Thelma; Pretty Dick). HORNSEY PLATE: **Portsoy** (The Owl; Kepplestone). MUSWELL STAKES: **Bruff Bridge** (Brinklow; Kirk Alloway). JUVENILE SELLING: **Sunshot** (Take All; Roslupe). HARRINGAY SELLING PLATE: **Bruff Bridge** (Bart Snowball; Nous Verrons).

Sportingalities

IF I went to any race meeting and failed to meet Lord Carnarvon, I should feel that there was something radically wrong somewhere. Lord Carnarvon is in a class by himself as an owner. He is what I would term a handicap man, and few of his horses have had pretensions to classic achievement.

Whether this prominence in handicaps is part of a considered policy I do not know. If it be, then it is a sane policy and is accompanied by fewer disappointments than go with the classic hope. It is certainly a policy which yields more profitable results. Maybe in Lord Carnarvon's case it is not a settled policy at all, but sheerly accidental.

That he is a "good owner" from the trainer's point of view is evidenced by the length of time his horses have been trained by Mr. Dawson. Looking round the big personalities of the Turf, I can find only half-a-dozen other men who have stuck to one trainer through thick and thin. I have not before me a list showing Lord Carnarvon's winnings for the past decade, but I have the impression that they have fluctuated less than those of his rivals. When I talk of classic aspirations I had forgotten for the moment the bad luck which robbed him of last year's St. Leger. Undoubtedly Franklin would have won that race nine times out of ten.

Lord Carnarvon is something of a philosopher, being endowed with the ideal temperament for ownership. I do not remember having seen him greatly elated, or deeply depressed, by success or failure. Nor do I remember any of his fancies starting at very long prices. A horse of his that has a chance

LORD CARNARVON

is fairly widely advertised; there is little mystery about any animal that carries the scarlet and blue. I regard him as a type of owner that the Turf cannot spare. Some men come with a flourish of trumpets and a mile long string of thoroughbreds, head the list of winning owners for a season or two, and then, when the luck turns, grow sulky and gradually vanish from the Turf.

Men like Lord Carnarvon go on year after year maintaining a reasonable stable and sticking at the game through fair weather and foul. They are the stabilisers of the Turf, the exact and steady quantities that are so necessary to the sport. We owe much to Lord Carnarvon for the consistency of his support.

E. W.

ALLEN'S Daily System Wires

and celebrated Method of Investment have stood the Test of many years, and are still going as strong as ever. Space will not permit my giving a Complete List of Winners in detail, but I might mention that since the commencement of the present Flat Racing Season, I have sent out no less than

ONE HUNDRED & TWENTY WINNERS.

This is up to the time of going to press, but by the time this announcement appears in print I shall no doubt have sent several more, so that every Sportsman must surely realise that I am the man to direct his Turf speculations.

However well informed a man may be, it is not possible to always send Winners, but even though I may not send a Winner every time my percentage is remarkable, and after all

IT IS CONSTANT WINNERS THAT COUNT.

Don't continue in the old rut by backing losers, for by following my advice, you can back Winners instead, and don't forget

I GUARANTEE YOU A REGULAR INCOME

each Season if you follow my Selections in conjunction with my GUARANTEE Method of Investment. You can start with

A CAPITAL OF £3

or higher if you wish. The more you start with the more you can Win, and you are fully protected, as should I fail to carry out my Guarantee I will return all Fees in Full without any deduction. This alone should be convincing Proof that my claim is no idle boast. Send immediately for my great Free Booklet, which gives a Complete List of Winners, Testimonials from Clients, and describes how you can make Racing pay. This Booklet, with the Cover handsomely Illustrated in Colours, is a Work of Art and of interest to every Sportsman.

IT COSTS YOU NOTHING

so sit down now, write your name and address and the words JOHN BULL on a postcard, and the Book will be sent without placing you under any obligation Free of Charge, and in a plain, sealed envelope, so reply now to:

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(Book cannot be sent to persons under 21 years of age.)

—— Insures BOTH under the "JOHN BULL" Scheme.

TOMMY AND JACK

A PAGE FOR EX-SERVICE MEN OF ALL RANKS

Conducted by

Field-Marshal EARL HAIG, K.T., G.C.B., O.M., G.C.V.O., K.C.I.E.

(PRESIDENT OF THE BRITISH LEGION AND REMEMBRANCE LEAGUE)

SUMMER has gone: the sear and yellow leaves are falling. We are now on the verge of winter—the season when the pinch of poverty will be felt more acutely than ever. Statistics show there is little reason to anticipate that the miseries and anxieties of the ex-Service community will be less severe than they have been, but the British Legion has made arrangements to assuage, as far as possible, the evils of demoralising unemployment.

THROUGHOUT the areas and throughout the branches, Employment Bureaux have been established, and the results achieved have fully justified this course. These Bureaux study the needs of employers and supply the right men for the right jobs. But of course the supply of jobs is meagre compared with the demand. On the registers of the Legion are the names of men well qualified to undertake any work, no matter how responsible and no matter how menial. These men look to the Legion to help them, and with continued co-operation by employers, large and small, it will not fail them.

THE genuine ex-Service man has no desire to be in the unemployment queue. He wants to retain his manhood and his self-respect, and it is for such men as these that the Legion appeals for vacancies in the factory, workshop or office or anywhere. When vacancies are notified they can be filled promptly and with the type of man that is wanted. The ex-Service man helped the country in its hour of need, and there is now the opportunity for the country to help the ex-Service man in his hour of need. His cry must not be allowed to fall unanswered.

EMPLOYERS: NOTIFY YOUR VACANCIES TO THE LEGION.

"Meet You at the Palace":—Leading sportsmen declare that the athletic meeting and rally to take place at the Crystal Palace on 30th September will be the outstanding event of the year. Certainly the programme is very ambitious for a youthful body like the Legion, but guided by experienced organisers it is out to make the day a memorable event in the history of the movement. Many of the leading runners have sent in their names, and good sport is certain to be seen. The confined events are also rousing much interest and enthusiasm among Legionaires. A good day's outing is assured for the 30th.

Warships on the Scrap Heap:—It is quite unnecessary for warships to be taken to Germany to be broken up. Such a situation is incongruous; besides, the vessels can be broken up at profitable rates in this country. At Plymouth the Legion has established a shipbreaking enterprise, and in spite of many difficulties, the work is being carried on with success. The scrap is being sold at quite a good price, and the results fully justify the action. One important feature is that remunerative employment is provided for many who would otherwise be idle.

The Record of Leicester:—The vast amount of useful work done by branches of the Legion is scarcely realised by the community at large. The efficiency of Leicester is typical of other districts and its record reads:—Success in fighting pension cases: In three cases the net result has brought to the pockets of the members concerned no less than a sum of £250. These members, too, will in future be in receipt of pensions which they would not have received but for the efforts of the branch. The Unity Relief Fund has made grants to cases of hardship to the extent of nearly £200. The branch has also assisted ex-Service men on the road. The Small Business Loans section has made grants to the extent of £150, members having been helped to hold on to their business during the slump or even to extend in a small way.

Prospects on the Continent:—A large number of ex-Service men go out to Belgium under the impression that there are jobs in plenty waiting for them. Unfortunately, seldom are these men able to support themselves after a few days, as of course it is quite difficult to find work in Belgium, especially in the towns. In consequence, they have to appeal to charity, and are using up, somewhat needlessly, the small funds at the disposal of the Brussels branch. In the devastated areas the situation is understood to be better, and there is work for labourers and a few skilled hands from time to time.

The Badge of the Legion:—If you travel on the top of a 'bus or in a tram or anywhere, you will find many young men wearing a badge, the centre of which is the figure of a lion. That is the badge of the Legion, and the men who wear it honour themselves because it is a recognition of their responsibilities to the ex-Service community. Such men—and women, too—meet on common ground and share mutual interests.

For Tubercular Children:—A hospital has been opened by the U.S.F. at Heatherwood, Ascot, for the treatment of children of deceased ex-Service men or women suffering from certain forms of tuberculosis. The patients, who must not be over twelve years of age, will be admitted for any period up to two years. The Legion works in the closest possible co-operation with the U.S.F., and the partnership has helped to solve many difficult problems.

Naval Prize Money:—The widow of a sailor who was torpedoed off the coast of Ireland found herself financially embarrassed. She had got behind with her rent, as she had expected to be able to pay the landlord with the prize-money that was due to her as next of kin. A series of demands upon the Admiralty brought no result, and then she approached the Legion. We took her case up and within three days the award was issued.

Results Satisfactory:—The work of the Appeals Tribunals has created much dissatisfaction in many cases, but the Legion has found by experience that if the appeals are presented in a fair and reasonable manner, the results are satisfactory. So many cases are lost because representatives have not sufficient knowledge of the workings of the Act. The Legion has skilled representatives available for the presentation of members' cases, and of the thousands supported, seventy per cent. have been allowed—a record which speaks volumes for the efficiency of the Pensions Department.

Not Forgotten:—The days of war are over but there are still thousands of its victims lying on beds of suffering in hospital. At Duncan Road Hospital, West, there are still 700 patients with 2,000 out-patients, and the unhappy lot of many of these was brightened when they were entertained by the Maidenhead branch of the Legion. These disabled comrades of ours, who are almost forgotten, unfortunately, by the great mass of the general public, are very appreciative of the little attentions paid to them by the Legion and its members. The Maidenhead branch is very progressive, and has the good will of the inhabitants of the Thames-side resort.

Benefit Must Be Permanent:—Where the pension is at pre-War Pension rates, at least 7s. (or 14s. in the case of a Warrant Officer class 1) must be left uncommuted. The Ministry will not entertain an application for commutation of pension unless it is proved beyond doubt that *permanent* benefit would result from commutation. This point should be carefully noted by all pensioners; otherwise they lay themselves open to disappointment.

From One to Another:—Five months ago a Battersea photographer successfully applied to the Unity Relief Fund for a loan. The results have almost exceeded anticipations and provide another instance of the great benefits derived from the activities of the Legion. The photographer was enabled to employ more ex-Service men on his staff and in his business, and has already repaid all that was granted him. This means that another small business will be given the advantage of the money.

A Loan Means Increased Trade:—Soon after his demobilisation an ex-Service man saw an opening for a hairdressing saloon in a Surrey village. He himself was not blessed with too much of the world's goods, but he found a loyal friend in the Unity Relief Fund, which financed him sufficiently to place the little business on a sure footing. The saloon is quite up to date and the man is doing well—so well, in fact, that with the last repayment of his loan he told us that he had found it necessary to get an ex-Service assistant to cope with the increased trade.

Repaying Overpayments:—Disabled ex-Service men have frequently found that at one time they had been overpaid and at a very inconvenient season have been asked to repay from their current pension the money they had accepted in good faith. It has happened that from a pension of 16s. a week as much as 10s. was being deducted to make good the over-payment. The Legion has taken this matter up and has induced the Ministry to agree that, where the circumstances are exceptional, the deduction will not be on too heavy a scale.

Our Daily "Thank You":—A South London widow, whose husband died in consequence of illness contracted on war service, asked us to conduct her appeal. We did so successfully, and she now writes:—"Ever so many thanks for your kindness. I do not know what I would have done had I not had your support. The pension will come in very handy, as it will help me to give my children a good education to enable them to fight the battle of life."

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EASY (G. Graves Ltd. Sheffield) TERMS

MONEY FOR THE MILLION

by Our Financial Editor

Those German Marks!

Readers *will* keep writing to enquire whether it is not now time to buy German marks. My answer is *NO!* Why give good British money for a currency which has no stable value whatever and may in the near future be utter waste-paper? Every purchaser of marks to-day is helping to pay the German reparations. His hope of being eventually repaid at par is a melancholy tribute to the superior astuteness of the wily Hun.

The Wreck of the *Grosvenor*.

The *Grosvenor* was wrecked off Pondoland in 1782, and in July last I advised my readers not to subscribe to the funds of the Grosvenor Bullion Syndicate, which was being formed to tunnel under the sea to the wreck and extract the wealth enshrined therein. The secretary writes me from Johannesburg that the company has now all the money it requires. It seems to have got some of it from the local Press. "From a journalistic point of view they realise that there is a big sale for their papers, and practically without exception from Editor to Office Boy has invested in our company." Well, well. Goodness knows I wish them luck!

Straker-Squ're.

Signs are accumulating that the great industrial slump is over, and that concerns which have suffered grievously are on the mend. Evidence is provided by the motor companies. To those on the watch for a low-priced share with speculative possibilities, I would commend the 5s. shares of Straker-Squire & Co., now standing at about 1s. This firm is not yet out of the wood, but it is nearly, and I think there are possibilities for those who are content to wait.

The Bargain Counter.

Almost all the big stores have lately felt the pinch of hard times, but, speaking generally, they are sound at their financial hearts. I have an idea that Harrods Ordinary should be bought at their present price of about 30s. and kept for a few months, if not permanently. Harrods (Buenos Aires) 8 per cent. Preference, at about 17s. 6d., also look tempting. These hints are not, of course, intended for people in search of a cast-iron investment but only for those with a spice of adventure in their constitutions.

German Rubber.

A correspondent calls my attention to the fact that next month the former German rubber plantations in the Cameroons will come under the hammer. He says there are some magnificent properties and some that are distinctly dud. New companies are likely to be formed to take over some of these concerns, and it will therefore be necessary to exercise caution. I thank my correspondent, whose letter bears evidence of expert knowledge.

My Tin Tips.

I don't know whether or not I command a sufficiency of followers to affect the price of a share I recommend, but I notice that my two recent tips of Bisichi and Naraguta Extended have been followed by slight advances in the Stock Exchange quotation. My favourable view of the future of these two securities still stands. Improving industrial conditions should send them higher. I do not regard any mining proposition in the light of an investment, but as a speculation I consider these two quite good.

Have a Care!

I must write a series of articles on "How to Read a Prospectus," pointing out the things that an investor should insist on knowing before embarking his capital in any enterprise. Too many of my readers part with their money on the "say-so" of some unknown philanthropist. It may be oil, gold, sunken treasure, or any high emprise that has the lure of sudden wealth about it. Staid and solemn folk will fall to these baits who wouldn't lend a Bradbury to a neighbour in distress. Human nature, no doubt; but please consult me before and not after the deed is done.

Meux Advances.

Mr. William Harris is a most determined man. I remember years ago when he took on the Chairmanship of Meux's Brewery, then at a very low ebb. It has just been announced that half the arrears of Preference dividend are to be paid, amounting to £1 17s. 6d. per share. These shares used to be of £10 denomination, but were reduced to £7 in 1918. To-day they stand at about 8½, showing the confidence reposed in Mr. Harris' methods of financial control. It wouldn't surprise me to see the balance of the dividend arrears paid off next year. The 4 per cent. Debentures at about 72 do not look dear.

"Quarterly Dividends"!

Let me warn my readers against the activities of Quarterly Dividends, Ltd., a concern hailing from Ilfracombe, and having that hoary impostor, W. Taverner, as its mainspring. It is about time this gentleman went behind the bars again. He is a pest, and, I suppose, will be so to the end of his days. But I hope none of my readers will be taken in by him.

Nothing Doing.

Mr. Charles B. Graham is trading under the title of the International Trust Co., of 58A, Pall Mall, S.W.1. His game is money-lending, but he wants to borrow the cash before he lends it. He makes no bones about offering £1 per week interest on every £100 entrusted to him. What his charges are to those who have the bad luck to borrow from him goodness knows. No sensible person will have anything to do with Mr. Graham, either as a lender or a borrower.

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You never can tell when some apparently trivial accident is going to be the cause of serious damage to your home or injury to you. Provide for such a time by insuring with JOHN BULL.

BREAD AND BUTTER ECONOMICS

by SIR LEO CHIOZZA MONEY

13.—Getting Value for Money

WE have given far more attention to the Money side of wages than to the Getting-Value-For-Money side. We shall never, any of us, whether so-called rich or so-called poor, be really well-paid until we see to it that the money we get is spent under conditions which afford us a good return in life value.

It is nearly one hundred years since George Stephenson won the famous locomotive competition with his "Rocket," which made a speed of 28 miles an hour. A century later many of our surburban trains take more than an hour to travel 28 miles. This ridiculous waste of time, combined with high fares, prevents not only poor people but even well-to-do people from living where they would like to live. What matter the many beauties of the countryside or the seashore? A minority of people are able rarely to make a frantic rush, at high cost, to seek beauty and refreshment under circumstances of desperate discomfort, in which a conspiracy of extortion is maintained against them. It would not be difficult to organise holidays and to make them better worth having.

The housing question is as much a middle-class as a working-class problem. The fact that a famous amateur cricketer has been barred from county cricket for a couple of years because the shortage of houses drove him over the border of a county is a neat illustration of the extravagantly bad conditions which prevail, for this cricketer is by no means a poor man.

Thus also with sport and amusement. Millions look on at games in most uncomfortable circumstances when they themselves ought to be playing. Nothing so cheap as a good game and nothing so refreshing, but in how many cases is healthful sport denied! As long as a money wage, however high, will not buy good amusement and recreation, it is unworthy pay.

Let us, then, in the contest for wages, remember that *without the proper organisation and provision of the chief comforts of existence any pay is poor pay.*

THE BLACK PERIL

Grave Menace to the Purity of the Race

IF there is one thing more than another about the West End of London which strikes an Englishman recently returned from overseas with horror and disgust, it is the enormous number of negroes and Asiatics of assorted tints to be found parading about, and the lighthearted fashion in which so many white girls enter into sexual relationship with them.

Before the war, these "gentlemen of colour" were few and far between. They were mostly to be found in the neighbourhood of the docks, and the only white women who associated with them were drink-sodden creatures who had sunk to the lowest depths of degradation. Now, these people saunter about dressed up like dandies, and white girls hang on to their arms.

Among those who understand the miseries which almost inevitably follow in the train of mixed marriages, the spectacle cannot fail to excite the deepest pity for these deluded girls. To those who know the unspeakable treatment usually meted out by a black man to a white girl who becomes his mistress, and her awful condition when he discards her, the sight is one to make the blood boil with anger. Poorly paid London shop girls seem to fall an easy prey to some mysterious glamour which appears to surround a black man, but if they knew the truth they would not have lost that healthy sense of shame at being seen in the company of a negro which was largely a protection to an older generation.

Many of these negroes have been imported from America as jazz-drummers and exponents of the barbaric noises which the Yankees are pleased to call music. Others of the coloured invaders have been brought here for educational purposes. A very large proportion of them do not return to their homes when their engagements in music-halls and night clubs are at an end, or when they have concluded their course of education, but remain here and endeavour to earn a living in a country already overcrowded with unemployed.

Some of them may be found in street markets selling quack nostrums. Others, having acquired a medical degree, set up in the poorer districts as cheap doctors, and many of them are under suspicion of making illegal operations their principal source of income. A large number have been convicted of being concerned in cocaine traffic, and there is scarcely a single unpleasant feature of the underworld in which they are not involved.

It is high time restrictions were placed on this coloured immigration, otherwise the country will be branded with an ever-increasing population of half-castes.

PITY THE POOR PONIES

The Cruel Cost of Coals

IT is years since we first took up the cudgels on behalf of those intelligent, hard-working, and faithful little creatures, the pit ponies, but we then had hopes that our exposure of the cruelties enacted on these long-suffering animals, labouring deep in the bowels of the earth, would have lightened their most unhappy lot.

We have been painfully disappointed.

Glad as we should be to forget that there was a time when certain pitmen—in the bitter throes of an industrial dispute—so far forgot the dictates of humanity as to leave some scores of their helpless four-footed fellow-workers to starve or drown in abandoned or flooded workings, the recollection of these atrocities is forced upon us by the discovery that even worse cruelty than death is daily inflicted by callous drivers and other mine workers upon these willing and patient little beasts.

It must be understood that the average pit pony is little bigger than a large dog; and that, having once descended a mine, it rarely, if ever, sees the light of day, or crops luscious growing grass, until it is too old for work and has become raw material for the knacker.

As though these deprivations were not enough, and as though the unnatural conditions in which it is forced to work were not sufficient torture, it is not infrequent for the pit pony to have to run the gauntlet of a crowd of piece-workmen who, recognising that it is going their way to the pit-bottom, belabour it with their heavy lamps, or squeeze its sensitive nose to the point of suffocation; and, as our readers must be aware, it is no uncommon thing for these poor brutes' hides to be perforated by the sharp ends of miners' picks.

Men are forbidden to strike ponies down in the pit. Men are forbidden, by laws human and divine, to do many things of which they are guilty. So, pony thrashing goes on—goes on to such an appalling extent that it is no unusual thing for a pony to tremble, shriek, and in some cases to lie down, in a vain attempt to escape unmerited punishment.

Apart from intentional and too frequent cruelty on the part of their drivers, the conditions under which some pit ponies are forced to labour are revolting. Some are compelled to draw a "tub" through tunnels so low as to rub and excoriate the animal's back. Others are allowed to lack water—which is even worse. The whole question of ponies in pits cries aloud for reform. Meantime, it is a disgrace to a country which boasts of its humane treatment of animals that such hideous cruelty should be enacted underground.

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"John Bull's Letter Bag"

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO FORWARD ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS, *as they are liable to be mislaid.*
Replies by post will be sent whenever possible.
LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor. No fee is charged in respect of inquiries. Full name and address should be given—not necessarily for publication.*

EVERY week we give a guinea for the letter which tells the most human story of hard luck. In respect of our last issue, that sum has been forwarded to the sender of the information on which we based the paragraph entitled "Three Years of Agony." But don't write only for the guinea. Tell us your troubles—ask us questions. We do not deal flippantly except with flippant writers. There is a world of sympathy and understanding in the men who conduct the "Letter Bag." Write soon and write often. An expert staff deal with Legal inquiries by post. All you need do is to enclose a stamped addressed envelope for the reply.

L. O. K. (Leeds).—"Loud cheers greeted my remarks." Not in Long Acre.

Bo. (Walsall).—"I have complete faith in my own judgment." We are awe-stricken.

KING'S MAN (Ashburton).—"The Prince of Wales is a great inspiration." And what a lad!

QUIET (London, W.).—"I wish every street was paved with rubber." So do the rubber companies.

HOPE (Houston).—"I have given up reading crime in newspapers." What a dull time you must have!

GIMLET (Hull).—"In nine cases out of ten a woman is at the back of trouble." We have not heard of the tenth case.

GO AHEAD (Manchester).—"I should like somebody to adopt my four children." Don't all speak at once!

O. M. (Luton).—"When will we realise our financial weakness?" Personally, we never stop realising it.

TEDDY (Teddington).—"It is impossible for a man to be a soldier and a sailor too." Tell that to the marines.

D. L. (Hertford).—"I am the only man in the world who can dream winners at will." We do not like your initials.

LONDONER (London, E.C.).—"How can I get naturalization papers?" What do you mean by "Londoner," Ivanovitch?

OIL-FIELDS (Norfolk).—"Have the Government oil fields produced anything?" Yes. Almost everything except oil.

BERT (Mansfield).—"The Courts are not always fair to the supposed father." "Supposed fathers" have no sympathy from us.

SHINO (Liverpool).—"Are the Greeks the actual descendants of Miltiades?" Judging from their last little affair, they are not.

MIN (Blackpool).—"Will you please show up the enclosed man." You forgot to enclose the man? Couldn't you get him in the letter-box?

PROHIBITION (Leeds).—"I can see the time when men will pass the public houses with a shrug." You mean before they are open.

T. (GREENOCK).—"Can I name my child by both his father's names?" For a second we were startled. If you mean by his father's two names, yes.

PEACE (Barnstaple).—"Your new scheme is excellent. But personally I wouldn't sign such a declaration." But there are many who would.

LEN (Southsea).—Dress for dinner by all means. But always make sure that you've got a dinner to dress for.

TINY (Glasgow). — If you *must* know what is our favourite female name, it is "Mother." Nothing like playing for safety.

TELEPHONE (Dewsbury).—"If your name is in 'Who's Who,' does it imply anything?" Yes, it implies you have put it there.

UNICORN (Christchurch).—"I hear that poor helpless emigrants are not wanted in Canada." They are not wanted anywhere.

BEAVER.—Have you any other occupation besides writing us anonymous letters? If so, we should advise you to get on with it.

TIM (Ancrley).—"Must a grandmother, of necessity, have had any children?" Are you trying to pull our leg, or grandma's?

N. B. (Cardiff).—Don't worry about the fighting in the Near East. Getting Greece out of Turkey appears to us the proper procedure.

PLAIN WORKING MAN (Oundle).—"If people worked more and talked less, we'd be out of all our trouble." A great thought simply expressed.

M. L. (Southborough).—Were we to report all the silly sayings of prominent people, we should have no space for our own sensible observations.

MOULDER (New Cross).—"Several people have told me I resemble Mr. Churchill." Let's hope in brains as well as in physiognomy.

WESTERNER (Bristol).—"I find very few people who understand the Book of Revelations." We'll have a search round and see if we can dig up a few.

DEEP THINKER (Lewisham).—"Can it be the world will ever revitalise its energies?" The answer is yes or no. What the dickens are you gassing about?

MISS H. G. (Brighton).—"I have not found anything suggestive in your paper." We perceive, Madam, that you have been looking for it, as Dr. Johnson might have said.

DEVIZES (Devizes).—"Can you put a pound of sugar in a full pint of beer?" Yes, if it is in a quart-pot. What strange things you think about down in Wiltshire!

FRIEND OF THE POOR (Lancaster).—"Charity is the worst way of helping the poor." You are a little mixed. The worst way of helping the poor is to give nothing but advice.

QUIZ (Margate).—We fear you are not the only one who can think of Belgium merely in terms of Brussels sprouts and carpets. But that little country bore the first shock of the war.

CLASS II. (Salisbury).—"The people need a good revolution." Don't be silly.

SIGMA (Lowestoft).—"I have a great many ideas about women." Who hasn't?

CONSTABLE (Wigan).—"The life of a policeman isn't all honey." Gilbert put it better.

WISE ONE (Skegness).—"Is a gas stove expensive?" You can get it on easy therms.

SEAMAN (Portsmouth).—"Can a seaman bring tobacco ashore?" Yes—in limited quantities.

R. T. F. (Bromley).—"I have five or six children to keep." Count 'em again and send us the exact number.

BACK TO WORK (Clapham).—"You can have all the strikes—I'm finished." Thanks for kind offer, which is declined.

BOLT FROM BLUE (Southend).—"Lloyd George ought to get in touch with the Turks." Or with realities.

QUKER CUSS (Dartford).—"I see nothing hopeful in the situation. Where are we drifting?" Cheer up, Jeremiah.

RANK AND FILE (Manchester).—"My brother says that army life is paradise compared with civil life." In 1922 it is: in 1917 it wasn't.

ONLY A LITTLE ONE (Acton).—"If I were two inches taller I'd be a happy girl." Someday somebody will tell you that you're just the right size.

A MOTHER (Carnarvon).—"Children forget the struggle their parents have had." And some parents forget that they were ever children. Be reasonable.

ARDENT (Cleethorpes).—"I think I am right in saying I have found the best woman in the world." Hurrah! You're about the 90 millionth man to find her.

FANATIC (S. Shields).—"I am proud of my so-called fanaticism on the question of drink." We do not attempt to pierce the armour of your egregious self-esteem.

PAGEANT (Preston).—"We sadly miss the pageants which were fashionable years ago." We also sadly miss the national prosperity which made them possible.

HOPEFUL (Doncaster). — If you win this week's "Bullets" £1,000, you will receive a cheque for that amount on Wednesday morning, September 20th. Cheerio!

ANTIQUARIAN (St. Annes).—"Perhaps some of your readers have valuable antiques they would like to sell cheap." Why should our readers be so very foolish?

HAIMAYRES COLONY, EAST KILBRIDE.—The ex-Service men of this colony would be glad if any of our readers would send them packs of cards, games, etc. Address, The Superintendent.

POLITICIAN (Worthing).—"Is there an easy way of getting into Parliament?" Tip the policeman.

LOVABLE (Halstead).—"A home is not a home without children." Especially a Children's Home.

YACHTSMAN (Wrexham).—"There is a great deal of misconception about yachting." This is very serious.

S. S. (Kidderminster).—"Apparently Queen Bess was never in Kidderminster." We always had our suspicions.

CUTHBERT (Pylle).—"Have done with foolery. Reduce taxes and end unemployment." That's the stuff, Cuth.

FATHER (Tun. Wells).—"The cost of education cripples many a family." And the lack of it cripples whole communities.

LADYLIKE (Richmond).—"People sneer at a girl for trying to improve herself." We haven't met those kind of people.

ELIZA (Cuthlie).—"I want to know what is meant by the League of Nations." We all want to know that, Liz.

MONEY-MAKER (Frimley).—"Can a man make a decent income without working very hard?" Yes—in a Government office.

LONELY GIRL (Oxted).—"How I would like to meet the ideal man!" So would we. Read the *Ideal Home*; you may find him.

SENSIBLE (Handboro').—"When we have a good Government we do not know it." There isn't such a thing as a good Government.

ZEALOUS WORKER (Derby).—"Mark my words, Winston Churchill will be the next Prime Minister." At any rate he'd wake things up.

P. T. (Otterham).—"Do you think Bolshevism will ever thrive in England?" We do not think it is capable of thriving anywhere except in a bone yard.

DEMOCRAT (Pitsford).—"I contend that England is the only democratic country in the world." This statement is hotly contested by Scotland.

CAUSTIC (Torre).—"I can stand sarcasm, but your cynicism makes me ill." And your writing gives us a headache. Let's all go sick together.

D. (St. John's Wood).—"I cannot help feeling my life is a failure." We feel that a man of 27 who talks that way has a lot to learn.

FLAPPER (Inverness).—"I am told that Scotsmen do well in certain parts of the world. Will you tell me where?" Any gazetteer contains a full list of the places.

LANKY (Drysthvyn).—"I think London is the queerest place I have ever been in." We can't say that we are enamoured with the name of your own home town.

UNFIT (Blair Atholl).—"If the doctors are right, the world would be populated by giants." But would still be governed by imbeciles in the old sweet way.

WALKER (Nunthorpe).—"Townspeople sadly neglect to see the beauties of the countryside." They are sadly in need of the time to see anything but the pictures.

C. V. B. (Holbeach). "Thank you very much for your promptness and generosity." Your letter is typical of many hundreds we have received in connection with the Free Insurance Scheme.

WILLIAM TELL (Margate).—"It is said that the winds at Margate come straight from the North Pole." Except when they come from the South Pole. What you mean is that Margate faces North. It doesn't.

LITTERATEUR (Wootton).—"Can an author prevent a publisher from advertising his book by undignified means?" Yes, but the difficulty authors usually have is to make publishers advertise at all.

(Continued on p. 26.)

ARE YOU IN DESPAIR?

"Humanist" has brought happiness into a thousand hearts and homes. Write to him if you are in *real* trouble—not the trouble which shortness of money brings, but the trouble that is greater than all. Confide in him. Half your despair will go when you have written—the remainder when he replies.

YET ANOTHER GREAT GOVERNMENT DEAL

OFFICERS' TAN HIGH-LEG WELTED BOOTS.

BOLSOM BROS. HAVE JUST PURCHASED FROM THE BRITISH DISPOSALS BOARD THOUSANDS OF PAIRS OF THE FINEST TAN HIGH-LEG WELTED OFFICERS' BOOTS (Originally cost £5 per pair), AND ALSO THOUSANDS OF PAIRS OF FIELD MOUNTED SERVICE BOOTS AND REGULATION ARMY BOOTS. THESE ARE FULLY DESCRIBED BELOW, AND ARE BEING OFFERED AT ONE-THIRD THEIR ACTUAL VALUE. ALSO ILLUSTRATED BELOW IS THE WORLD FAMOUS B.B. BRAND OF FOOTWEAR NOW BEING OFFERED AT THE AMAZING PRICE OF **12/6** PER PAIR. "JOHN BULL" READERS SHOULD THEREFORE LOSE NO TIME IN SELECTING THEIR REQUIREMENTS FROM THE LIST BELOW AND SO BE WELL PREPARED FOR THE COMING AUTUMN AND WINTER. IT INCLUDES BOOTS AND SHOES FOR EVERY PURPOSE AND WALK IN LIFE, AND THEY ARE WITHOUT QUESTION THE GREATEST BARGAINS EVER OFFERED OF THE MOST RELIABLE FOOTWEAR IN THE WORLD. Once cleared these cannot be replaced. Absolute satisfaction guaranteed or money returned. Therefore

POST YOUR ORDER WITHOUT DELAY or call. Open daily until 8 p.m., Saturdays all day until 9 p.m.

No. 70

SPECIAL OFFER OF NEW FIELD MOUNTED SERVICE BOOTS (No. 70).

SPECIFICATION: Real Kip Grained Uppers screwed and stitched to heel. Full watertight tongue, 2 single solid butt soles, solid all-leather heels.

Our Price **20/-** Per Pair

WORTH 50/- Postage 2/- extra. All Sizes: 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 (11's 1/- extra).

ALSO REAL GOVERNMENT OFFICERS' BROWN CALF WELTED BOOTS, same pattern (No. 70 W.D.), cost £5, astounding bargain at **30/-**

All sizes: 5's to 12's. Postage 2/- extra.

GENUINE SOUTH AFRICAN DOUBLE SOLE WATERPROOF FIELD BOOTS (B.B. No. 20)

SPECIFICATION: Real Black Box Calf, in Black, or Tan or Superior Tan Calf Uppers. Leather lined throughout, two single solid butt soles. Full Waterproof Tongue. The Ideal Winter Boot for Golfing, Fishing, Shooting, Country Walking and all Sports.

Worth 45/- Our Price, **20/-** per pair.

All Sizes: 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 (11's & 12's, 1/- extra).

Laces free.

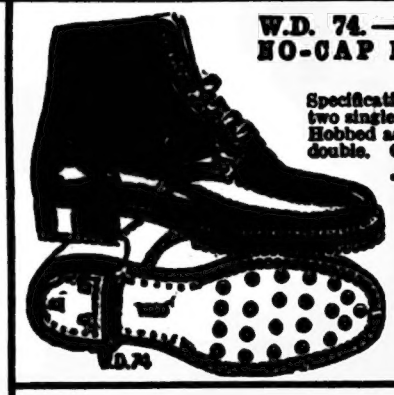
B.B. 20

NOTE THESE FOUR POINTS:

(1) Damp-proof filling between upper and first sole.
(2) Stout first all-leather sole.
(3) Patent waterproof layer between the two soles.
(4) Stout solid bend outer sole, fully water and damp-proof. See that the three stamps are on the soles. No others genuine.

W.D. 74.—NEW BRITISH GOVERNMENT NO-CAP REGULATION ARMY BOOTS. As Illustrated.

Specification: Real Kip-Grained Uppers, waterproof two single solid butt soles, screwed and stitched to heel. Hobbed as shown. Sizes: 9, 10, 11, 12, & 13. Cost double. Our Price, **12/6** Laces Free.

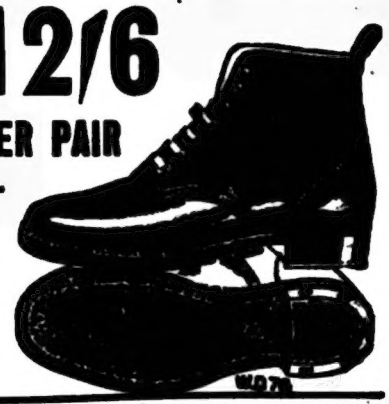


W.D. 74

12/6 PER PAIR

W.D. 76.—NEW BRITISH GOVERNMENT NO-CAP DERBY BOOTS. As Illustrated.

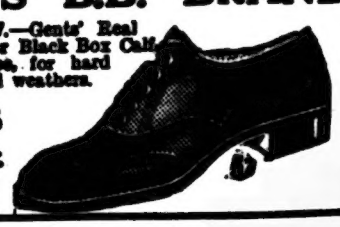
Specification: Superior Real Russet Tan Kip Uppers, solid butt sole, HANDSEWN and whole-lift all-leather heels. Sizes: 7 and 8 only. This Boot cost more than double the price. Our Price, **12/6** Laces Free.



W.D. 76

THE WORLD-FAMOUS B.B. BRAND OF FOOTWEAR AT 12/6 PER PAIR.

B.B. No. 5.—Gents' Real Black Box Calf Derby Shoe, also in Tan Calf or Real Glace Kid with Patent toe cap. A smart shoe for all occasions. Our Price, Laces Free. **12/6**



B.B. No. 7.—Gents' Real Tan Calf or Black Box Calf Brogue Shoe, for hard wear in all weathers. Our Price, **12/6** Laces Free.

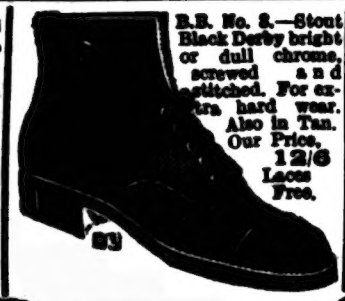
All Sizes: 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 and 11.

B.B. No. 61.—Smart Fancy Tie Shoe in Real Glace Kid or Real Patent Leather. Our Price **12/6** Laces Free.

B.B. No. 50.—Ladies' Black Box or Tan Brogue Shoe, for hard wear in all weathers. Our Price, **12/6** Laces Free.

B.B. No. 57.—Gusset Shoe in Real Glace Kid or Real Patent Leather. Our Price **12/6**

B.B. No. 2.—Gent's Black Balmoral, fine Box uppers. Also in Tan Calf or real Glace Kid, with Patent toecap. For Town or Country wear. Our Price **12/6** Laces free.



B.B. No. 3.—Stout Black Derby bright or dull chrome, screwed and stitched. For extra hard wear. Also in Tan. Our Price, **12/6** Laces Free.

B.B. No. 1.—Gents' Black Derby, fine Box uppers. Also in Tan Calf or Real Glace Kid with Patent toecap. Easy fitting and comfortable. Our Price, **12/6** Laces Free.

Cut out this advt. for Future Reference.

B.B. No. 52.—Gibson Shoe in Real Patent Leather, Real Glace Kid, Box Calf, or Tan Calf, low, medium, or high Cuban heels. Our Price, **12/6** Laces Free.

B.B. No. 62.—Ankle and Bar Shoe in Real Glace Kid, or Real Patent Leather. Our Price, **12/6**

B.B. No. 53.—Smart Oxford Shoe in Real Glace Kid, with Patent toecap, or real Patent Leather. Medium or high Cuban heels. A very neat and stylish model. Our Price, **12/6** Laces Free

LADIES' SHOES, all sizes and half sizes from 2's to 8's.

POST YOUR ORDER NOW TO THE LARGEST BOOTS-BY-POST BUSINESS IN THE WORLD, enclosing remittance, and 1/- extra for postage (No. 70, 2/- extra) for each pair, stating Number and Size required, and your Order will be sent without delay. Register Treasury Notes and make Postal Orders payable to Bolsom Bros., Ltd. Absolute Satisfaction or Money refunded upon return of goods as received.

BOLSOM BROS., Ltd. (Dept J.B.). 109 & 157, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2

The Great British Government Woollen Underwear Contract Secured by Bolsom Bros.

The Release of the whole Surplus Stock of British Government Woollen Underwear will enable thousands of JOHN BULL readers to secure the World's most Reliable Underwear at One-Third its actual value. The price of Wool is rapidly rising, and good Woollen Underwear will be scarce and dear. This offer, therefore, is an opportunity to secure a supply for present and future use, that should not be missed. **NEW AND PERFECT IN EVERY DETAIL, THE WOOL USED IN THEIR MANUFACTURE BEING WARM, SOFT, AND NON-IRRITANT TO THE SKIN. THESE VESTS AND PANTS CAN BE OBTAINED IN EVERY SIZE, AND IN WINTER, SPRING, AND SUMMER WEIGHTS, ALL AT THE ONE PRICE OF 5/- PER GARMENT—BEING ONE-THIRD THEIR ACTUAL VALUE. GARMENTS OF THIS QUALITY COST 15/- TO 20/- TO PRODUCE.** Every Garment was made to Specification by the most important British Manufacturers, and are of the ordinary civilian pattern. Each was passed as perfect by Government Experts, and stamped with the Manufacturer's Name and Date. **THEY ARE EQUALLY SUITABLE FOR THE CITY AND PROFESSIONAL MAN, MOTORISTS, FARMERS, RAILWAYMEN, POSTMEN, POLICEMEN, MINERS, MECHANICS, ENGINEERS, MANUAL WORKERS, AND, IN FACT, FOR ALL MEN IN EVERY STATION OF LIFE REQUIRING THE MOST RELIABLE UNDERWEAR.** Readers in every part of the Kingdom can participate in this Great Offer by **POSTING THEIR ORDERS WITHOUT DELAY,** every Garment being sold under a Guarantee of Absolute Satisfaction or Money Returned in Full. Since Bolsom Bros. secured the Contract over Half-a-Million Garments have already been sold, and readers are strongly advised not to delay making their purchases, as once the stock is cleared, this opportunity can never occur again. Therefore CALL at our Government Surplus Depot, 129, Strand, which is open every day until 8 p.m., and on Saturdays all day until 9 p.m., or **POST YOUR ORDER WITHOUT DELAY.** State Size and Weight required, and enclose Remittance, and Postage as follows: 1 or 2 Garments, 1/-; 4 Garments, 1/3; 6 Garments, 1/9. Orders for £2 and over, carriage free. Treasury Notes must be registered.

BRITISH GOVERNMENT NEW ARMY FLANNEL SHIRTS.—Bolsom Brothers are now offering the remainder of the Government Real New Flannel Shirts, which are of the same guaranteed quality as the underwear. Well-cut and finished and strongly made. They cost 11/6 to produce. We are offering them at the amazing price of only 5/6 each, half the cost of manufacture. Supplied in all sizes in Real Natural Flannel. State size of collar usually worn. These Shirts are unprecedented value. Postage, 6d. extra. **5/6**

BOLSOM BROS., GOVERNMENT SURPLUS DEPOT.
(Dept. J.B.) 129, STRAND, LONDON, W.C 2.

Woollen Vests. All have long sleeves as illustrated. Supplied in Three Sizes: Small, Medium, or Large. All Weights. EACH **5/-**

Woollen Pants. To Ankle. Supplied in Three Sizes: Small, Medium, or Large. All Weights. EACH **5/-**

5/- PER GARMENT

This Smart LOUNGE SUIT

Made to your order for only 8/-

(*Balance 8/- Monthly.*)

A smart appearance may mean the difference between failure and success to you. You know that you feel better and look better in a new fashionable suit. Don't delay, pay for the suit in small monthly instalments while you wear it.

For nearly 20 years we have been supplying Gentlemen's high grade Clothing on Easy Terms and the growth of our business from humble beginnings to its present magnitude is proof of the success of our methods and of the satisfaction we give.

PERSONAL ATTENTION

Our Clients soon realise the many outstanding advantages of entrusting their orders to us. We have an old-fashioned regard for value and a desire to please. Although our business is vast, we give every customer personal service. Every garment is cut and made to individual measure and all personal requirements are most carefully carried out.

CUT, FIT AND FINISH.

Every customer has the services of an expert cutter who guarantees to give complete satisfaction. The range of materials available is most extensive and the most fastidious will experience no difficulty in finding the cloth to suit his fancy.

PRICES ARE RIGHT.

The value we give is extraordinary. Prices range from £3 3s. upwards, but to obtain equal value elsewhere you would probably have to pay at least 50 per cent. more—and **cash down** at that!

A PERFECT FIT BY POST.

Our simple self-measurement form ensures to every customer a perfect fit. We have received literally thousands of letters from delighted customers, who have never been inside our shop, testifying to the excellence of our fit

FREE PATTERNS.

Send for free patterns and you will realise the wonderful value of Benson's tailoring service. Give us a trial order and you will be speedily convinced as to the wisdom of our unique methods of doing business. Mention JOHN BULL and address:

BENSONS

71, 73, 73a, Camden Rd., Camden Town, N.W.

If you are near one of our branches call in—you will not be pressed to buy.

Branches:

69, Cheapside, E.C. (Corner of Queen Street).
40, Strand, W.C. (Opposite Gaiety Theatre).
57, Edgware Road, W. (Nr. Marble Arch).
84, High Holborn, W.C. (Next to Stadium).
152, Fenchurch St. (Opposite Rood Lane.)
86a, Goldhawk Rd. (Nr. Shepherd's Bush Empire.)

The Advertising Age

by Miss C. E. PIKE

THIS is the age of publicity that mysterious yet visible force that is gradually changing the thoughts and habits of the world.

It is potent for tremendous good or evil. By spreading truth, it may turn light into dark corners where evils live and by spreading half-truths—or lies—it may cause the formation of incorrect opinions and consequent unwise action.

The rigour with which the advertisements appearing in JOHN BULL are selected—those savouring of questionable methods being absolutely excluded—ensures that the reader in dealing with advertisers in this paper is absolutely safe, both as regards quality of goods and reputation of the firm.

For years, our firm, Messrs. Funk and Wagnalls, 134, Salisbury Square, E.C.4, have advertised in these columns, and I can confidently say that JOHN BULL has proved one of our best "salesmen."

The Shop Window

Mr. George Cummings, the well-known walker, is the latest celebrity who has expressed his satisfaction with the Barry Service. His photograph shows him wearing their "Warm-without-weight" pure woollen overcoat, the price of which is two guineas. He says that it is an ideal garment giving full protection against cold without the inconvenience of superfluous weight.

"A little knowledge is a dangerous thing," and most people realise that the use of the wrong word puts them at a disadvantage. They will welcome the offer made by Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls to send free to JOHN BULL readers the booklet entitled "How to Become a Master of English."

We frequently receive enquiries as to where South African Field Boots can be obtained, and Messrs. Bolsom Bros. are this week advertising them at the very low price of 20s. They also offer a wide selection of ladies' and gent's boots and shoes at the pre-war price of 12s. 6d., and Government woollen underwear at 5s. per garment. Messrs. Bolsom Bros. have over a million postal customers on their books.

The proprietors of "Black Cat" will help JOHN BULL readers to secure the presents offered by them by sending free of charge five coupons towards the number required. Full particulars are given in their advertisement. Be sure to mention JOHN BULL.

If one sits down and thinks of the millions of safety-razor blades which are wasted because they are slightly blunted they will realise the value of the Monkey Strop, which sharpens Gillette and other blades and costs 5s. 6d.

The excellent Sartor raincoats for men and women, at 20s., will ward off colds, and it is certainly worth while writing for their interesting style book and free patterns, which will be sent without cost.

The Mead Company offer solid Cabinet Gramophones on the instalment principle. Their free illustrated art catalogue is well worth sending for.

We have examined the two watches offered by Watts Son & Co., and have found them excellent value at the low price asked for them.

One of the best motor bikes is the Martinsyde, which is offered on the easy payment system. Full particulars can be obtained from their illustrated catalogue, sent free on request.

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG

(*Continued from page 24.*)

FILM-GOER (Lee).—"I'm tired of comic films." And we're tired of looking for them.

ENGINEER (Reedham). — "Warn people against being engineers." You aren't an engineer, that's the trouble. So many mechanics make the same mistake.

L. F. (Shorncliffe).—"I am constantly seeing double, and my friends get very funny about it." It isn't at all funny. See a doctor immediately. It is a premonitory symptom of apoplexy.

TAME CAT (Lewisham). — "Some people can't find time to be honest." They find it if they're not.

C. L. B. (Watford).—"I can only hope that you will grow intelligent in time." We have no hope for you whatever.

J. B. (Small Heath).—"I send you a fair chance of printing my letter of 20th ult." We have never heard of it until this very inst.

K. (Boscombe).—"Let me have one of your famous 'Bullet' prizes." Show the necessary skill.

CARTER (W. Hartlepool).—"I detest cant, hypocrisy and parsons." Hoity toity!

MILLENIUM (Clapton).—"Where is this house that Lloyd George promised me?" Search us!

(*Many replies unavoidably held over.*)

Carry your "John Bull" with you

The "John Bull" Man to revisit Blackpool

FRIDAY, September 15, will be a great day in Blackpool when the JOHN BULL Man will visit the town to award handsome and useful prizes to those who carry JOHN BULL and attract his attention in a novel manner.

There will be a Special Prize of a handsome Tea and Coffee Set, besides many other prizes, including silver chain handbags, dressing cases, watches, etc.

To JOHN BULL readers in Blackpool we say, "Carry your JOHN BULL with you and look out for the JOHN BULL Man!"

MAYOR OF MARGATE

Distributes "John Bull" Prizes

On Monday, September 4, at the [illegible] Pavilion, scenes of great [illegible] were witnessed at the [illegible] of the prizes awarded by [illegible] BULL Man in Margate. [illegible]hip the Mayor officiated. [illegible] bad weather, the JOHN BULL Man's day was very successful. Here are the prize-winners' names:—SPECIAL PRIZE (Silver Plated Tea and Coffee Set), Mrs. Rome, 105, Victoria Avenue, Cliftonville, Margate; FIRST LADY'S PRIZE (Silver Chain Handbag), Miss Lilian Snape, Hawley Cottage, Princes Street, Margate; FIRST GENT'S PRIZE (Dressing Case), Mr. W. Costello, 4, Weekeley Place, Margate.

WINNERS AT HASTINGS

The following are the names of the Hastings prizewinners on August 31:—SPECIAL PRIZE (Silver Plated Tea and Coffee Set), Miss Ivy E. Warren, 16, Milner, Road, Kingston-on-Thames; FIRST LADY'S PRIZE (Silver Chain Handbag), Mrs. Foster, 7, Castle Gardens, Hastings; FIRST GENT'S PRIZE (Dressing Case), Mr. A. Warren, jun., "Gildersleeves," Hastings.

SEASIDE HOMES FOR EVERYONE

Birchington and Herne Bay Development.

DO you realise that for a small sum of £5 down and £15 spread over two years, you can be the proud possessor of a building site—a freehold plot of land—at Birchington or Herne Bay?

NOW is the time to secure at nominal outlay a freehold plot of land on the Kentish Coast—the healthiest corner of all England.

Who would not wish to own a bungalow or small house at Birchington or Herne Bay? Think what it would mean to you and your family. Picture to yourself the jolly Summer-long holidays in sound of the sea and within but an hour or so rail journey of London. Or circumstances (now or in the future) might permit your living there all the year round away from the turmoil and grime of the great city—and what healthier, happier life could anyone desire?

Hitherto these delights have been reserved for those well blessed with this world's goods. Now, however, fine estates are being developed at Birchington and Herne Bay and a limited number of choice building plots are available at prices and on terms that bring them within the means of the average city worker.

The development is under the capable management of The Land Company of 96, Queen Street, Cheapside, an organisation that has been selling land since 1877.

THE BIRCHINGTON PARK ESTATE lies adjacent to the town of Birchington on the Canterbury Road near the well-known Quex Park, one mile from Westgate and three miles from Margate. Within a few minutes of the sea and railway station and terminus of the Margate motor bus, it is protected from the north winds—an ideal residential locality.

Plots vary in size from 20 ft. by 108 ft. to 25 ft. by 140 ft. The price of the former is £18 net cash or £20 by instalments, and of the latter £27 cash or £30 by instalments (£5 down and balance spread over a period of two years *without interest*).

AT HERNE BAY there are a few unique freehold plots to be had on the west cliff itself. None of these plots are in extreme isolated positions. They measure 20 ft. by 100 ft. and the price is £15 cash or £50 by instalments. Drainage, water and gas are already connected.

No Law costs, free deeds, no troublesome restrictions, no time limit for building; value of houses need not exceed £200; building costs are low.

The company will, if desired by site owners, submit estimates and plans for the construction of bungalows or houses and undertake the whole work.

TWO SPECIAL OFFERS UNTIL 30TH SEPTEMBER.

1. In order to induce readers of JOHN BULL to personally inspect these estates the company undertake to pay half fares (Cook's and Restalls Excursions Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday) of all bona fide inquiries.

2. Further to the above, a special discount of £1 per plot will be allowed on all first payments made before September 30th, to all J.B. readers presenting this announcement to the Estate representative at Birchington Estate, and in respect of the plots available at Herne Bay, the Estate representative whose address is Post Office Stores, Broadway.

Here is an opportunity too good to be missed. Whether regarded as an investment pure and simple or as the first step towards the home of your dreams the purchase of a plot on one of these fine estates has everything to commend it.

Don't delay—if you do, you'll assuredly regret it. For further particulars, write *to-day* to THE LAND COMPANY (Dept. J.B.), 96, Queen Street, Cheapside, London, E.C.4.

A Secret of Success.

SUMMER Time will soon be at an end, and the extra hour of daylight which the Government give the people by the simple expedient of making perfectly respectable and well behaved Clocks tell lies with their hands in front of their faces will no longer be available for outdoor sports.

In the long evenings there will be all the more time for "Bullets."

Mr. A. C. Williams, of 11, Beech Walk, Crayford, Kent, the winner of the First Prize of £250 in Competition No. 457, writes:—

"This Prize is the best thing from a financial point of view that has ever come my way. I have always aimed at originality, and prefer to make up my own efforts.

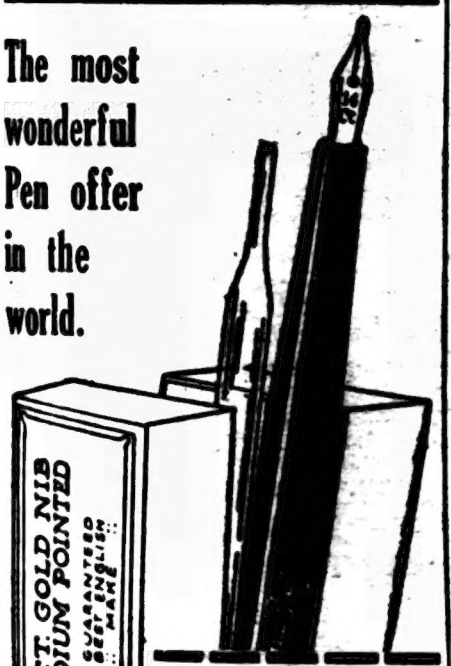
"If I may presume to offer a little advice to other competitors, it is that the secret of success is H.O.P.E.: Hope, Optimism, Persistence, Enthusiasm."

Take the advice of one who knows, and see whether you cannot qualify for the First Prize of £1,000 which we are offering this week.

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES:— Cheques for £10, £3, and £2 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 460 have purchased their copies of JOHN BULL.

The original Cheque for £250 awarded to the First Prize-Winner in "Bullets" Competition No. 457 can now be seen in the window of Mr. Shiers, Newsagent, High Street, Crayford, Kent.

The most wonderful Pen offer in the world.



JOHN BULL

Pen Coupon Value 2d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2/- and 2d. stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a JOHN BULL Gold Tipped Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to six from JOHN BULL, any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. Thus you may send seven Coupons and P.O. for 6/- only and 2d. stamps for postage.

DE LUXE MODEL 1/6 extra

Address: PEN DEPT., "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

P.O.s should be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & CO.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium or Broad Nib. J.B. 16.9.22

"BULLETS" 1ST PRIZE £1,000

2ND PRIZE £100

10 = £5
50 = 10/-
1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6.

3RD PRIZE £50

10 = £2 10
100 PRIZES OF 5/-
3,000 'TARGET' PRIZES

BEST LITERARY SKILL COMPETITION

2000 POPULAR NOVELS

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION NO. 460.

WATCH LLOYD GEORGE
FAME
IF WINTER COMES
WHAT WAS PROMISED
SCOT FREE
IN WRONG POCKET
DEAR THINGS
THE SOBER TRUTH
COMMON GOSSIP
KISS AND MISS
THE REFEREE
MODERN YOUNG MAN
SHORT STORY
AFTER THE DOPE
GETTING ON
IN REAL LIFE
BLUE BLOOD
WE ALL LIKE
GREEDY FELLOW
ABOUT THE LIMIT
SAFETY FIRST
ROTTEN
GOOD YARN
PROFIT AND LOSS
HER MOTHER
THE RIGHT TIME
REGULAR NUISANCE
WHEN DOLE CEASES
HOT RECEPTION
BIT STIFF
A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE
MY SWEETHEART
MAN IN POSSESSION
IN BAD BOOKS
A WORRY
A NICE BOY
ON SATURDAY NIGHT
OFFERED A JOB
WISE AND OTHERWISE
GOOD TIME COMING

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality.
2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.
3. All four coupons may be used, and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.
4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.
5. The Editor undertakes that every "Bullet" received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.
6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

"BULLETS" MADE EASIER—NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

All you have to do is to choose any of the Forty examples given. Then give any Two, Three, or Four words having some bearing on the example chosen. The Two, Three, or Four words you give can **EACH begin with any letter in the alphabet.** This example will guide you: Example:—A BARGAIN. Bullet: WIFE THINKS UNTIL LATER. The entry fee for one coupon is 6d. If sending more than one, enclose a postal order at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of.

ADDRESS ALL COUPONS TO "Bullets" No. 460, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C 2.

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, September 28.
Example____
Bullet
Example____
Bullet
(460) P.O. No.____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 1 coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed____
Address____

If unable to secure extra coupons you can write your "Bullets" on plain paper.

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, September 28.
Example____
Bullet
Example____
Bullet
(460) P.O. No.____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 2 coupons send P.O. for 1s.
Signed____
Address____

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, September 28.
Example____
Bullet
Example____
Bullet
(460) P.O. No.____
I agree to enter this competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 3 coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed____
Address____

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, September 28.
Example____
Bullet
Example____
Bullet
(460) P.O. No.____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 4 coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed____
Address____

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 461.

GIRLS AND BOYS—A WONDER—SAFE AND SOUND—ANSWERING BACK—FINISHED—DISMAL FAILURE—UNTYING THE KNOT—WHY SHE REFUSED—A WISE COUPLE—FASCINATING PASTIME—NEARING THE GOAL—VILLAGE IDIOT—MONEY TO BURN—A FROST—BUSINESS IS BUSINESS—MOST SURPRISING WHEN—LIVE WIRE—A DOG'S CHANCE—WIG AND GOWN—A GOOD PREACHER.

These examples can be made use of on the Coupons above, and must reach us on or before **THURSDAY, OCTOBER 5th.** All Coupons so used **MUST** be marked clearly with the number **461** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets"—No. 461, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C. Such Coupons must not contain any of the Forty Examples for Competition No. 460.

RESULT OF COMPETITION NO. 458 ("BULLETS" £1,000 OFFER) WILL BE PUBLISHED IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE.

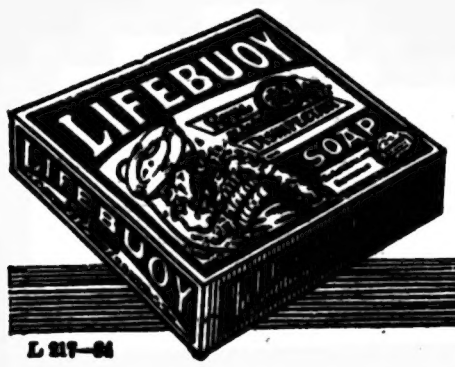
HE is first in HEALTH
and uses LIFEBUOY SOAP

HE plays "Half," but is whole-hearted in healthy enjoyment. After the game he enjoys his bath with Lifebuoy Soap and comes from the dressing room with that "fresh-as-paint" look which well becomes our young and lusty devotees of the playing field.

The invigorating lather of Lifebuoy Soap—its clean, sweet-smelling, antiseptic odour—has a very special appeal. Lifebuoy Soap keeps every pore of the skin antiseptically clean and protected.

The name LEVER on Soap is a Guarantee of Purity and Excellence

Lifebuoy Soap is brimful of health,
Wash face and hands with it—
Bathe with it—Shampoo with it.



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LIFEBUOY SOAP

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